

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

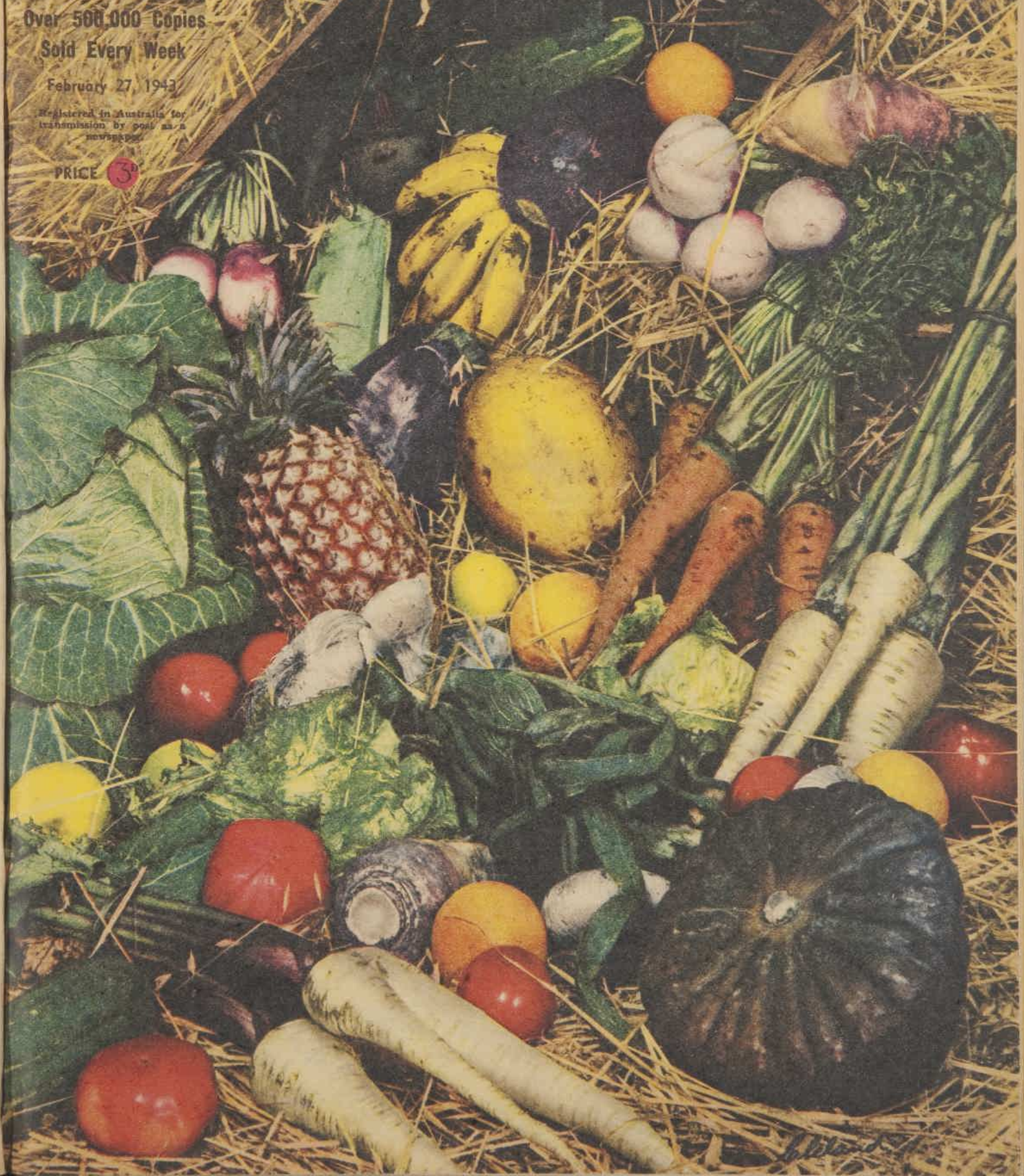
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SABOTEUR

Powerful drama chosen from entries in our recent fiction contest.

WELL, there it was Saboteur they called it. A queer word sabotage, sort of French, or something. Ibbetts grunted a little. This was certainly a new line for him. He hadn't been on the shady side of the law for years—not since coming to Australia. He felt uneasy—nervous even.

His body had been swaying rhythmically with the long rain thudding against the wedges under the new ship, but his jumbled thoughts made him lunge viciously, upsetting the timing of the whole gang.

Jock, a stumpy carpenter from the Clyde, wiped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Kansas, here, seems a bit anxious to get this wee ship into the water."

"Break it down, Jock!" Ernie Hicks winked at Ibbetts. "She's not so small with that stage planking away from her."

Jock glanced along the slim lines of the corvette, perched on her wooden blocks and almost ready for launching. He snorted a prodigious contempt.

"Just you wait till ye launch a ship. A ship I said. No, a sardine can!" He waved a comprehensive hand, enjoying himself hugely. "An' when ye've only a puddle o' water instead o' a bay as big as the Pacific ye can talk about launching."

Ibbetts pulled himself together and realised that Jock was appealing to him.

— how ye launch ships in America."

He contrived a light answer. "Different from anybody else. We launch them side-on."

"You would!" Jock was disgusted.

"She still looks good-on to me," chuckled Ernie.

"Oh, well, she's no a bad wee job—for a first try ye understand. She'll be quite a nice wee launch."

"Under the personal supervision of Jock frae the Clyde?" queried Ernie, dryly.

"Aye—just that."

For the second time that morning he wondered why he had done it.

Of course, Mamhoff had been very persuasive—and three hundred pounds was a lot of money.

"Three hundred pounds is a lot of money," Mamhoff had said, smiling in that fixed way of his. "And, my

friend of olden times, we know you need that money badly."

His protest had been brushed aside.

"Incidentally we took rather a long chance when we approached you, Mr. Ibbetts." Mamhoff stared coldly at him, then with a grating menace in his voice, "we don't intend any trouble to arise from that chance. You will be shot if this conversation is divulged."

It was a simple statement of fact. Ibbetts, eyes uneasy, muttered: "You know I've never risked this sort of thing. It's not in my line. It's too big for me."

"You never did have nerve—not for anything big," snapped Mamhoff. "Always the small time man."

The man called Max suddenly cracked a bullet into the floor at his feet. Ibbetts kept himself still only by tensing his muscles against his quivering nerves. He made a hopeless gesture. "I don't want—"

Mamhoff smiled again. "We are

only interested in what we want."

Mr. Ibbetts."

A snake's smile thought Ibbetts, and was aware of a strange division of his mind, which could be amused at the thought while he was deadly frightened.

"You are not an Australian, Mr. Ibbetts?"

"No."

"Your father was an Austrian?"

"I never knew my father."

"I assure you that, to the best of your Kansas City mother's belief, your father was an Austrian—eh, Max?"

Max nodded.

Ibbetts' eyes flared. "Leave my mother out of this."

Mamhoff was sardonic. "A pleasant filial love—eh, Max? I only wish to point out to you, Mr. Ibbetts, that you owe this country nothing—and you owe the dockyard nothing. We don't ask much. Just a few keel blocks dislodged at a critical time, to delay the completion of the ship. You see Mr. Ibbetts," Mamhoff sat back, "we are working for a rival firm—eh, Max?"

"Very much a rival firm, Mr. Mamhoff." Max sniggered more to himself than to Mamhoff. "That's pretty rich—a rival firm."

Mamhoff waved this aside. "Three hundred if you do," a significant movement of the forefinger. "If you don't—"

So he had done it.

He didn't know what was in the tucker bag he had buried under the stern last night, but he had marched into the yard quite calmly. It had all been very easy—very easy to slip from the gang and dig a shallow trench for the reception of the bag.

That bag. "We don't even ask you to use your own tucker bag," Mamhoff's words were shot thro' with derision. "We have prepared quite a nice little lunch here. Haven't we, Max?" He patted the bag with a fat hand. "It's quite safe until 1.30 to-morrow—if you don't open it."

There it was, Saboteur. Saboteur. He was suddenly aware of his fussy little foreman spitting words at him.

"Dreaming! Dreaming! Dreaming! What's wrong with you, Ibbetts?" The foreman shook his head in a worried manner.

"Here we have an important job on, and you find time to moon about. You used to be a good enough man, but you've gone to pieces lately."

Ibbetts felt a murderous rage froth up in his brain. He gripped a long-handled hammer and turned on the foreman.

"You listen to me, Sam West!" The words were so distorted by fury that West stepped back and the

movement brought Ibbetts to a sense of his situation. Idiotic to quarrel or be sacked now. He shook his head mechanically.

"Sorry, Sam! Sorry! My wife's very ill just now and—oh, well, you know how it is. A man gets worried."

"Oh!" West's tone relaxed. "If Mum's crook that's different. Still it won't do you or her any good to let it interfere with your work."

He turned and threw over his shoulder. "Stick a pin in yourself Ibbetts, stick a pin in yourself."

At lunchtime he slouched morosely over to the hotel and ordered steak and kidney and a pot. He could hear a strong Doric voice further down the bar still discussing ships and "puddles o' water," and he carefully avoided the group.

Staring at a lurid advertisement for somebody's cigarettes he was suddenly aware of Mamhoff and Max beside him. Under cover of the general babble Mamhoff nudged him and asked: "Well?"

"Oh, it's there all right," snapped Ibbetts, still staring at the advertisement.

"Excellent, Mr. Ibbetts. Give him the fifty, Max."

"A little on account," he continued genially, "and there's more where that came from. You can do quite a few little jobs for us."

He drained his glass and moved off with Max in attendance.

The full import of his words were

By JACK FRASER

suddenly realised by Ibbetts, and he hurried after them.

"Not on your life," he muttered to himself as he pulled at the swing door leading to the side entrance.

He stopped suddenly and flattened himself in the doorway as he saw Max and Mamhoff talking in the corridor.

"Should be enough stuff in that little lot to blow the stem off her," Max began, when Mamhoff turned on him.

"Quiet, you fool," he raged. "This place is too public. Hullo! Hullo! The good Mr. Ibbetts."

"Cut out the good Mr. business," blazed Ibbetts, "you told me that stuff would only dislodge a few keel blocks."

"So it will, Mr. Ibbetts—so it will—and the pretty little ship, too."

Mamhoff laughed, but his fat little face held no mirth. Max gripped Ibbetts by the upper arm with iron fingers and Ibbetts blanched, all the bluster oozing out of him.

"Look, Mr. Mamhoff," he was almost blubbing. "I've never done anything like this. Not murder. Mass

"You're in this thing and you're staying in—like it or not," Mamhoff told Ibbetts.

murder. Half the people there will be killed—blown to bits." His voice was cracking hysterically. "When that thing goes off it—it—it—it—"

"Stop him, Max."

Max slapped Ibbetts hard on the face and he slumped against the tiled wall.

"Now Ibbetts," the gun in Mamhoff's pocket bored cruelly into his ribs. "You're in this thing and you're staying in—like it or not. An emphatic dig with the gun-muzzle. Remember that!"

They were gone.

He went back into the yard in a half-daze. He only wanted to run—run anywhere—run until he dropped, but some little sentinel in his brain kept him outwardly normal. He didn't dare go back to his job, however, and wandered around watching the last-minute preparations with vacant eyes and one wild, ridiculous hope in his heart.

One of the men crawling under the ship would find the bag authority would be summoned to the spot and all would be well. He could see it happening—the curious little knot of men round the finder, the arrival of the manager and the police, the bag taken away, probably by an expert—

The soothing vision was shattered by a preliminary roar from the loudspeakers.

Good heavens. The ceremony was beginning! It must be—what, 1.15. Fifteen and five are 20—30—5 minutes to go before—

A cold sweat dripped in his eyes and he looked around furtively, but no one was paying any attention to him. He hadn't spoken. In a surging panic he elbowed his way through the crowd towards the carpenters' shop, heedless of curious glances, the tension in his mind unbearable.

The shop was deserted and his footsteps sounded alarmingly loud in the unusual quiet.

The hymn then being sung for those in peril on the deep came faintly into the shop; so faintly that it could not drown the ticking of an alarm clock on one of the lockers.

The hands stood at 18 minutes past one.

Fascinated, he moved over to it and watched the urgent second-hand travel jerkily round its little orbit. His heart was pounding in his throat now, tingling nerves twitched in his face and hands, and a threatened nausea curtailed his sight as he waited.

Please turn to page 28

Working hard at the factory all day, I haven't time for elaborate beauty treatments. But I've found the right care for my skin—LUX TOILET SOAP.



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IN-LAWS ARE OUTLAWS

By Elizabeth Dunn

CANDY looked hopelessly at her overflowing suit. Then, because she was exhausted, she collapsed on her back on the floor, a position from which she observed her husband with academic interest. Bill always packed with dogged concentration, as though he were searching for clues.

"Darling," Candy said languidly, "you know what you look exactly like? A beagle. All you need are long spotty ears."

Bill displayed bitterness. "That's right. Bolster up my ego. I should have married that girl with red hair I used to see on the train. Anyway, how about finishing your own packing instead of criticising me," he added cuttingly.

"I only have to tuck those few things in and shut down the lid."

"Everything in those two bags?"

"Well," she gestured airily towards her bed—"everything but just those few little things I couldn't manage, but I knew you could slip them in with your things because you pack so much better than I do."

There was an ominous pause. "Evening slippers," Bill said. "Pink things. Camera. Two sweaters. And a whisk broom." He eyed his wife with profound disillusion and suddenly grinned. "You know, sweet, you have a streak of low cunning that sometimes alarms me. It runs in your family."

"Why, Bill Stewart! It does no such thing!"

"Well, not in your father, nor Johnny. Your mother—"

"I thought you liked my mother."

"I adore your mother, and you know it. But her mind does run underground. And as for Jane—"

"Oh, well, Jane," Candy admitted. Then she added worriedly. "What do you suppose Jane is up to?"

"No good," Bill prophesied darkly.

Candy stood in the middle of the floor and brooded. Jane, who was seventeen, had once more got herself into some sort of labyrinthine entanglement. Her mother had written of it in some detail; but since no one had ever been able to read Mrs. Goodwin's exquisite handwriting, the matter remained a mystery.

"It's something about Port Devens," Candy said. "You don't think it's a man, do you, Bill?"

"No, I don't think it's a man. Knowing Jane, I think it's the United States Army."

Candy lay down on the floor again and put Jane firmly out of her mind. She would know soon enough. To-morrow, in fact, it seemed almost unbelievable that to-morrow they would be there, at Pine Harbor, with her family.

She turned her head impatiently. Every time, in the past weeks, she had thought, "We're going to Maine!" the other little thought had risen to the surface of her mind beside it: "We're not going to Newbury."

Newbury was where the Stewarts lived. Bill's mother and unmarried sister who taught English in the Newbury High School.

It was so childish to let herself be bothered this way, when she and Bill had settled it all weeks ago. Bill's vacation a meagre fortnight—an invitation from Candy's mother—silly to split two weeks—and so they were going to the Goodwins. What could be more sensible?

Candy had written a charming letter to Mrs. Stewart, explaining that she and Bill would be unable to get to Newbury until Thanksgiving—a letter which unhappily crossed one from Mrs. Stewart.

Candy remembered it now: "We do hope that you are coming. Meriel is making a rather important speech before the parent-teacher association. We are giving a tea afterwards."

Everyone is so looking forward to meeting Candace. It will be lovely to have Bill bring home his wife at last.

Candy stirred uneasily. "Bill?"

"M'm?"

She got up and went over to him. "Bill—you don't think we ought to have gone, do you? To Newbury, I mean. I don't want them to think I'm a pig. And you do want to go to Maine, don't you?"

He put an arm around her and took the pipe out of his mouth. "It bothers you, doesn't it, Candy? Look, you wouldn't like to stop in at Newbury for a couple of days on the way home, would you? Just for this tea or whatever it is? It's not much out of the way and mother would love it."

Her heart seemed to turn over. No, Bill, not Oh, Bill, don't make me—it isn't fair! Our very first vacation together. I don't understand Meriel, and your mother terrifies me. It was all racing in her mind; but it must have been in her eyes, too, for Bill suddenly bent and kissed her.

"Never mind," he said. "Forget it. We'll go and investigate Jane."

Candy breathed

again, a deep sigh. Dear Bill. "I don't really need that whisk broom," she said.

When her daughter and son-in-law arrived, Mrs. Goodwin was seated at her dressing-table in an astonishing hat, peering at herself distrustfully through a pink veil.

Across the end of the bed Jane was flung in that boneless yet angular drape which is the perquisite of seventeen. On the window seat Johnny was eating a banana.

Mrs. Goodwin's welcome was warming. Johnny managed in his enthusiasm to upset a small lamp. Jane was devastatingly casual.

Candy grinned at her. In spite of lashings of scarlet lipstick, Jane was beautiful in that radiant, half-finished fashion that at her age could turn overnight into almost anything.

Candy, overcome with a burst of family feeling, said, "Oh, I wish daddy wasn't in Washington!"

"Poor man," Mrs. Goodwin mourned to the mirror. "I'm going down next week. In this hat. Or mustn't I?"

"It's super," Jane said firmly.

Mrs. Goodwin turned to her. "Jane dear, do go and play tennis with Porky Leamington, will you? I cannot stand that mournful whistling under the window a minute longer."

Jane unfolded, protesting that Porky Leamington was half her age and her mother inhuman.

Mrs. Goodwin was wrestling with the pink veil. "He's exactly six months younger than you are, Johnny, dear. If you're going sailing, please don't leave that banana-skin here."

Having firmly disposed of her younger offspring, Mrs. Goodwin wasted no time. "I'm so glad that you and Bill are here, Candy," she said. "I mean, of course, I'm delighted anyway, but especially now. Because of Jane."

"Mother, I couldn't read your letter—"

"I know, dear," Mrs. Goodwin reassured her placidly. "No one ever can, but it did me good to get it all down in black and white. I've wished your father were here, but now, of course, Bill can manage the whole thing."

"Sure I will," Bill told her. "What whole thing?"

"Well, it's Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Goodwin explained lucidly. "I never did approve of it, but you know Jane is very difficult."

"You mean she's reading it?" Bill asked.

"Reading it?" Mrs. Goodwin stared, puzzled. "No, dear. He's teaching her to be his dancing partner."

Bill reeled visibly.

Candy said, "Mother—"

"Perhaps I'd better explain," Mrs. Goodwin suggested soothingly. "It's because of the draft and that Miss Amelia Hoyt, you know. You remember her, Candy—well, she's something in the Red Cross and she asked Jane and Fish and Gwen to drive up to Boston from New York and go to a dance for the soldiers. Well, your father thought once, perhaps. But it seems they all fell in love with a lieutenant, especially Jane, and he had to put a stop to it."

"The lieutenant?" Bill asked.

"No, no. Jane's father. Because, of course, a young girl in an Army camp—and then, of course, he was called to Washington and we came up here, and Jane is very sulky and apparently this dancing young man at Uncle Tom's Cabin has told her a great deal of nonsense, and really I am very worried."

Candy suddenly had a revelation. "Oh, I see. It's that big roadhouse, Bill, on the Portland road. You mean the professional dancer is teaching Jane to be his partner?"

Mrs. Goodwin nodded. "It's all absurd, of course, but—well, Jane is only seventeen, you know, and if people should begin to talk—well, gossip is a dreadful thing. Just now her parents are the very last people she'll listen to—but she does look up to you, Candy, and she adores Bill."

Candy agreed, slowly, that her mother was right. It was obvious that Jane was ripe for a martyr complex. "Don't worry, mother, Bill and I will fix it."

While they were dressing for dinner Candy began laying her plans bitingly.

"Our job is to manoeuvre him into a position where he shows himself up," she declared. "It won't work if we just tell her he's awful."

Bill said darkly, "That streak of low cunning again. I think the best thing to do is to give this guy a frank, straightforward punch in the nose and tell him to clear out."

Candy grasped his lapels firmly and fixed him with a disciplinary eye. "Bill, are you going to help? Or are you going to be all he-man and muscular and half-witted?"

Bill looked down at her and the expression of black obstinacy slowly melted from his eyes. "My guide, philosopher and friend, O.K., sweet, you win. We'll do it your way."

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"How about finishing your own packing instead of criticising me?" said Bill, cuttingly.

In-laws Are Outlaws

Continued from page 3

THEY spent a gay evening, and the next day was the very fulfillment of Candy's vision. Bill and Maine together. He loved all the right things—the picnic rock and picking blueberries, and the deserted house. But nobody mentioned Fort Devens, Uncle Tom's Cabin or blighted romance. Somehow, Candy decided she must get Jane alone, and talk to her.

As it turned out, however, it was Johnny who brought up the great subject.

Johnny's passionate attachment for Bill had led him to boast a little of his mechanical talents. "Gleeba, I could get a licence now if I was old enough," he said. "Say, you know this Joe Personality at Uncle Tom's Cabin? Well, he lets me drive his roadster. Boy, is she a keen bus!"

Candy held her breath. Mrs. Goodwin said mildly, "Joe what, dear?"

"You know. That guy Jane thinks is such a powerhouse."

Mrs. Goodwin's glance flicked Candy's in passing, and then Jane laughed in a social manner. "You don't by any chance mean Earl Tolly? My goodness, he's practically famous."

Candy swallowed hard. "Why don't we all drive over and watch him for a while?" she suggested brightly.

Jane rose languidly. "Well, if you really insist on going," she murmured.

Uncle Tom's Cabin looked like a very expensive country club. The decoration was startling—black-and-gold on chromium blocks of ice—but it was unquestionably smart. And the head waiter, who seemed to know Jane, gave them a table on the floor at once.

Jane ordered ginger ale, and gave a rather convincing imitation of a bored young beauty who has lived life to the hilt; but she was clearly very nervous.

All at once she turned to Candy, took a deep breath, and said, "You

know Earl—Mr. Tolly—and I are practising for an act of our own. When I leave school. So if he says anything, don't be surprised. We haven't told the family, naturally. I mean mother just knows I'm practising with him."

Candy showed careful interest. "An act? Really? At nightclubs?"

Jane flashed her a guarded glance. "Well, yes. And Gwen's father—you know, Mr. Corrush; he's always backing musical comedies and things—well, I'm going to speak to him. All Earl needs is a chance. He's terribly nice, really, only just at first—I mean the family wouldn't understand him. Oh, there he is now."

Candy turned. Her immediate reaction was one of relief. From a distance of ten feet, Mr. Earl Tolly looked rather like a large, impertinent freshman. Her second reaction was a curious sinking of the heart. For Mr. Tolly, at a distance of three feet, was not so naive.

Jane performed the introductions, and Mr. Tolly joined them without an invitation. Candy watched his round, bright blue eyes, fascinated. They gave off a spurious friendliness, like Mr. Tolly's manner. He chatted brightly—mostly about himself.

"I said to Janie here," he presently told them airily, "I said, 'Wait till I get that sister of mine sewed up with Paramount and you and I'll work up an act.' I couldn't let my sister down. It wouldn't be cricket."

Jane blushed furiously and her glance begged Candy to realise that artists were entitled to their little eccentricities.

For several moments no one spoke. Then Mr. Tolly, who had an acute sense of timing, said, "Let's dance, hey, puss?"

Candy looked at Bill wordlessly. There was a narrow rim of white around his nostrils, and his eyes were icy.

Two or three heavenly days went

by, days that were all Candy had imagined. Jane, however, was not often with them; she was apt to melt away in her car, murmuring something about rehearsals with Earl.

Twice Bill and Candy drove over to the cabin, and twice Mr. Tolly joined them and did not bring his sister.

And then the third time came. Candy was at her wits' end. They were almost at the end of their visit, and they had done nothing towards helping Mr. Tolly to show himself at a disadvantage.

That evening was Lizzie's night off. Mrs. Goodwin was dining with friends, and Jane suggested that they take Johnny and have dinner at the cabin.

The cabin was very gay that night. The orchestra leader was having a birthday, and everyone toasted him in champagne cocktails. Champagne agreed with the orchestra; it did not agree so well with Mr. Tolly, who joined them very soon, and spoke a few words to Johnny, which caused him to bolt his dinner and vanish.

"Loves machinery, that kid," Mr. Tolly explained expansively. "Poor little rich boy. Like to do what I can for him. Dance, puss?"

Candy and Bill sat on at the table. Bill said restlessly, "I shouldn't have let Johnny take that worm's car. Where's Jane got to, anyway?"

Candy searched the crowded couples on the floor. Jane was not among them. The minutes passed, and still Jane did not come back. Candy glanced at Bill, who was fidgeting; and suddenly she gathered up her evening bag. "I'll be right back," she said.

She found the cloak-room down a narrow corridor. Opposite was another door, which said coldly: "No Admittance."

Candy looked at it. Then she put her hand on the doorknob and pushed. The door opened. Across a grey cement entry

another door was ajar, and on this door was a placard which read, "Earl and Anita."

Candy tapped on this door, and a girl's voice said impatiently, "Yeah—who is it?"

Candy stepped inside the room. A girl sitting at a large, cluttered dressing-table turned to stare at her.

"Well, holy cats," she said in frank astonishment. "What do you want? You're Jane's sister, aren't you?"

Candy nodded and swallowed. "I came to talk to you."

Anita's eyes hardened. "What about?"

"About my sister," she said. "And—and your brother."

The girl laughed shortly. "Did you really think he was my brother?"

"No," Candy said. "No, I didn't. You're his wife, aren't you?"

"You bet I'm his wife." The girl's voice was truculent. "I have been his wife for eight years, and most of the time I have been his sister. I'm getting sick of it."

"Why does he do it?" Candy asked.

The girl looked at her oddly. Then she said, "Because he's society crazy, that's why. He says we're not in the big time because our contacts are no good."

Candy spoke briskly. "Look, Mrs. Tolly—do you want this thing stopped?"

"What can you do?" The girl made no effort to hide her contempt. Then she added carelessly, "Sure, put a stop to it, if you can. Thanks for dropping in."

Candy went back to the dance floor. Bill stood up as she reached the table, and at the same moment she saw Jane coming towards them.

"Bill," she whispered, "she's not his sister—she's his wife."

Bill stared at her. "What? Oh. Oh, I see. Well."

Jane slipped into her chair and took up her glass of water. Her hand shook a little, and her eyes were too brilliant, her cheeks too flushed.

"Where's Tolly?" Bill asked evenly.

"I—I left him outside," Jane said breathlessly, and her eyes met Candy's with frightened elation. Candy's heart turned over. He's tried to kiss her, she thought. Oh, Jane, you little fool.

And then, winding among the tables, came Mr. Tolly, propelling Johnny by the elbow. Johnny looked a little sick and his eyes fastened themselves on Bill's like a frightened puppy's. Mr. Tolly's face, on the other hand, was flushed an ugly brick color. He leaned over the table and addressed himself to Jane.

"Listen, puss, you better learn now. I don't take the run-around that easy. The lad here—he jerked Johnny's sleeve—has managed to run my car wham into a tree. What are you going to do about that, huh?"

Johnny croaked, "I told you my father would pay."

"No," Bill's voice was the crack of a whip. They all stared at him. "His father will not pay. He was driving with your permission, wasn't he? You knew he had no licence. Didn't you perhaps hope, Mr. Tolly, that something just like this might happen?"

"You can't get away with that," Mr. Tolly said. He looked around and lowered his voice slightly. "Wouldn't this make a tasty little morsel for the gossip column? Won't Jane's poppa just love to read it: 'What cute sub-deb is chasing what well-known nightclub rug-cutter from hot spot to hot spot?'"

Jane's head jerked back as though she had been struck, and the sight of her small, white, anguished face lit a flame of pure rage in Candy. She looked up at Bill, and to her astonishment Bill laughed gently.

"For a smart young fellow you're not doing so well, Mr. Tolly. Aren't you mistaking a little friendly help for something else? Jane doesn't fall for married men."

Tolly said: "Married—who's—?" and stopped.

"Of course you told her," Bill said smoothly. "Because—of course, you wouldn't let her think that Anita was really your sister, would you? It wouldn't help your reputation, would it? That sort of little item in a—gossip column?"

There was an icy pause.

BILL got slowly to his feet, and said very gently, "So you see, Mr. Tolly, why it is you'll have to pay for the damage to your car? And why it is you'll never mention Jane Goodwin or any other Goodwin? It wouldn't be very wise, Mr. Tolly."

"Listen!" said Mr. Tolly in a large voice.

Immediately behind him a girl said in a tired, faint voice, "Oh, shut up, Earl."

Mr. Tolly turned savagely upon his wife. "What are you doing here? I thought I told you to stay out of this!"

Bill, who had not sat down, said quietly, "Get out, Tolly."

Mr. Tolly's round blue eyes blazed. "Listen, sucker," he said very loudly indeed. And that was all he did say. For Bill's eyes suddenly snapped and with the greatest good-will he punched Mr. Tolly frankly and straightforwardly in the nose.

It mightn't have been so bad if he had knocked Mr. Tolly out, but he didn't. Mr. Tolly rose from the adjoining table, whose occupants screamed heartily, and proceeded to treat the patrons of the cabin to thirty seconds of excitement, free. Candy was entirely unconscious of pulling Jane up and away; she heard nothing and saw nothing but Bill's set face until they were out in the car and she found herself in the driver's seat.

When Mrs. Goodwin arrived home Bill was sitting before the living-room fire, a raw steak on his eye, a bandage on his right hand, a cup of coffee in his left. The other three were grouped mournfully about him.

Mrs. Goodwin came slowly into the living-room and stood looking at them, each in turn.

She took in Candy's white face, Jane's quivering lips, Johnny's criminal aspect. Then she said matter-of-factly, "Isn't it lucky I ordered steak for to-morrow? You haven't broken anything, Bill? What a professional bandage, Candy dear Johnny. I don't know what you've done and I don't think I want to know, but you should be mended this minute." And she put her arm around Jane, who burst suddenly and appallingly into tears.

"There, there," Mrs. Goodwin soothed. "Nice girls always will fall in love with horrible men."

"It's not that," Jane sobbed. "It was awful to make such a fool of myself—but it's not that, honestly. It's Bill. He got hurt—and it's all my fault. He kept the whole family from being disgraced."

Mrs. Goodwin smiled at Bill. "Yes," she said quietly. "Bill is an indispensable member of this family." And she led Jane off to bed.

Candy experimented with the lid of her suitcase, which, with determination, would close. She glanced at Bill's dark head on the pillow and her eyes filled with tears. He had never even questioned the necessity of helping Jane. He had simply gone in and done it.

All Bill's mother asked of me was to go to a tea party for the P.T.A. "It will be lovely to have Bill bring home his wife." I took it for granted that Bill would be a part of my family, but I wasn't ready to let a part of his, she thought.

From the lawn below a piercing and incredibly melancholy whistle rose and continued with horrid monotony.

Bill groaned and stirred and opened the eye that would open. "What's that ghastly noise?" he demanded.

"It's Porky Leamington," Candy told him. "Calling Jane."

"Somebody ought to tell him about smoke signals," Bill said coldly. Then he craned his neck. "What are you doing at this hour?"

"Packing." "Packing? What for?" Bill demanded hoarsely. "Where are you going?"

"Well—as a matter of fact," she told him, "to Newbury. I thought you might come, too."

Bill made no response and after a minute she ventured to look up at him. He was smiling at her. "For the tea business?" She nodded.

After a minute, Candy went on. "You know, I guess when you marry a person—"

"M'm?" Bill encouraged. "I guess you marry their families, too."

"Have you just discovered that?" Why, I knew that all the time," Bill said insufferably.

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526-19

BOTANY BAY

By CHARLES NORDHOFF and
JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE rescue ship appeared just in time to save us. She was the Dutch barque Amstel, homeward bound from Timor via Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope. Her captain was named Dykstra, a broad-faced man of fifty, with the heart of a saint hidden in his squat body. Captain Dykstra and his men showed us a humanity that gave us a renewed faith in the innate goodness of the generality of mankind. At the end of a week we were all fully recovered.

We were letter-perfect in the story we had planned to tell in the event that we reached one of the Dutch settlements. Captain Dykstra, who spoke a little broken English, accepted this story without question, and when we reached Batavia, where we lay for the better part of a month, he was good enough to offer us a passage to Europe.

We had informed him of our resources, and he agreed to take us for the sum of one hundred pounds down, the rest to be paid when we reached England. This left us with a sum sufficient to buy what clothing we needed and to pay for food and lodging during our stay in Cape Town.

We had a good passage there and on an evening early in December we came safely to anchor within half a cable's length of the place where the Charlotte had lain on the passage to Botany Bay.

Dykstra informed us that he was obliged to stop here for the better part of a month while the Amstel underwent repairs, but at the end of this time we set sail again. Both Goodwin and I had made ourselves useful as seamen during the passage to the Cape, and now Dan, who was a first-class shipwright, offered his services to the captain, who gladly accepted them.

Our passage north from the Cape was a tedious one. The broad-beamed old Amstel was almost as slow as the Charlotte, but we were homeward bound at last, not to set foot on land again until we reached Suffolk, where Captain Dykstra had agreed to set us on shore.

It was late in March when the Amstel finally wallowed through the Strait of Dover, edging in towards the Suffolk coast.

Goodwin stood staring at the flat coast without a word. It was his own land, where he was born and bred; he knew every hidden path, the windings of every salt creek in the marshes. The sun set and the grey light faded. The Amstel lost her way, turning slowly eastward as if she longed to be off for Holland and the end of her voyage.

At the time we were rescued, Captain Dykstra had taken our boat on board, and now in exchange for it he gave us a little boat of his own to go ashore in. Our leave-takings were of the briefest. It was pitch dark, but I can well believe that the eyes of the others were as moist as my own as we shook Sabb's hand.

"Good-bye, ye rogue," said Tom. "Where do we meet again?"

"Not in England, Tom. No, no! But ye can get word o' me from my neevy. Ned'll be able to find him."

"And now ye'll rob the Dutch in Rotterdam, the folk that's been so kind to us?"

"Never in the world," said Sabb. "What I do is this: my neevy'll send me the jewels took from them that can spare 'em, and I'll sell 'em to the Dutch for half their worth." He chuckled.

"See to it, Nick, that you send your address to your nephew," I said. "Tom and I won't be easy till we've paid you what we owe."

"Will ye hush about that?" said Nick. "I got the worth of it ten times over when ye was hackin' down the gum-trees yonder in a place I'll spare to mention."

The boat was lowered and the ladder put over the side. Nellie climbed down with our little rooster under her arm. We followed into the boat. Dykstra leaned over the bulwark.

"Gootvin," said he, "if efer you want a job, come to me."

"Aye, aye," said Dan, and we pushed off.

Lights were few on this lonely stretch of coast, but Dan steered confidently. Nearly two hours had



"Here he is!" exclaimed Kneller, seizing suddenly upon one of the men.

passed when we entered a wide shoal inlet which wound inland through a desolate region, half sea, half land. Steering with uncanny skill, Goodwin turned the boat into a narrow drain through which the tide was flowing soundlessly, and presently brought up alongside a jett of piles driven into the mud. A ladder led up to a plank walk.

"We're home, lads," he said quietly.

He led the way along a well-footed path, through a copse and across a field. We passed a cottage where dogs barked and a door was flung open, but Dan gave a peculiar whistle and the door closed once more.

"That's old Jasper's cottage," he said. "I can't get it through my head I ever been away."

We halted before a cottage at the far end of this tiny village. Dan pounded on the door and entered without waiting for a response.

Sitting in a low chair, with a candle on the table beside her, was a little old woman with snow-white hair showing from beneath her cap. Goodwin strode across the room and lifted her in his arms as though she had been a child.

"Well, granny," he roared, putting his lips close to her ear, "here I be again!"

He set her down, and the old woman stood with her hands on her shoulders, looking up at him.

"I ain't surprised. I knowed ye'd come, soon or late. Where's Bella and Tommy?"

Even as she spoke, Tommy had his arms around her neck, hugging her close. Then she listened in silence while Dan told her of Bella's death. But there was no display of emotion over the news. Suddenly she got briskly to her feet.

"Bless me, ye pore starved creatures! Here I be a gossipin' and ye'll be wantin' yer tea!" and away she bustled to the kitchen.

We were soon seated around a spotless deal table with two huge platters of smoked herrings before us, with plenty of bread cut in thick slices and sweet country butter. There was tea for Nellie and Tommy, and a pitcher of home-brewed ale, refilled three times for the rest of us.

Oakley's eyes glistened as Dan poured out a foaming pot for him. He took a long pull and set down

the pot with a sigh, wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

"Now I know we're home," he said.

Nellie Garth, at the warm insistence of Dan and his grandmother, decided to stay on at Snapenness until she could lay plans for the future. Oakley was for Wiltshire, and Inching and I for London. Dan ferried us across the broad tidal river to set us on our way.

"Yon's the path through the marsh," he said. "It'll fetch ye to the lane where ye turn left to come out on the Ipswich road. The best o' luck to ye, lads! I needn't say there's a hearty welcome here whenever ye choose to come."

We gripped his hand and hastened on, not wishing to linger over the parting.

I reached London with four pounds, eight shillings and sixpence, and a decent outfit of clothing, bought in Cape Town with Nick Sabb's money. Knowing that I might again be reduced to a state close to beggary, I resolved to call at the New England Coffeehouse, in hope of getting some word of Mr.

Hugh and his friends reach home again, but danger is ever present.

Fleming while I could present a respectable appearance.

But at the coffeehouse I found everything changed. Mr. Fleming's name was unknown to the new management.

Tom Oakley had cautioned me to realise my danger in London. The eyes of the city's constables and their recollection of a face or figure were sharpened by greed, for there was at this time an iniquitous system of rewards known as "blood money" by means of which police constables were spurred on to add to their meagre wages.

For taking a housebreaker they received a reward of fifty pounds; a murderer, fifty pounds; apprehending a felon illegally returned from transportation, forty pounds; and so down to a five-shilling reward for taking into custody any idle or disorderly person.

It was not, of course, iniquitous for a constable to be mindful of his duty. The evil of this blood-money system lay in the fact that the police would leave petty criminals at large

until their arrest became profitable. Then they would pounce upon them with the ferocious delight of the spiders they were.

There was one such spider whom I particularly feared. His name was Kneller. I had often seen him at the Old Bailey Sessions House during our trial there, and also in Newgate. He was said to receive more blood money in the course of a year than any dozen constables in London.

It was Kneller whom I imagined always at my shoulder as I made my way along the quays and docks of Wapping, on the search for some ship bound for America.

The luck which had held all the way from Port Jackson to Snapenness seemed to desert me now. Day after day I went up one side of the river and down the other, visiting every ship bound for America; and the result was always the same; no seamen wanted.

And so I was driven by hunger to my old occupation of lumper, unloading cargo from East and West India-men for the most part.

My home at this time was a lodging-house for travellers on a woefully misnamed Love Lane, in Wapping. Here I paid tuppence a night for the privilege of sleeping on a dirty straw pallasse in a long, narrow room lighted by the doorway and two unglazed windows in the same wall.

I slept in this place for three months; then something happened that drove me to the refuge of the streets. It was an evening late in August. I was very weary and went early to my so-called bed. I was awakened sometime after midnight by the proprietor of the place shaking me by the shoulder.

"Up wi' ye!" he said in a low voice. "Pleece is here! I'm obliged to shake 'em all out!"

A cold chill of apprehension swept over me. I peered through the gloom towards the far end of the room, and there I could make out four men. At the same moment I felt, rather than saw, that one carrying a lantern was Kneller.

With despair in my heart I ranged

myself with the others; we stood in a single line in the aisle. The police were, I knew, in search of someone they had reason to believe had taken refuge here. The lodgers waited in a tense, sullen silence. Kneller, accompanied by two others, started down the long line, flashing the lantern into the face of every man as he passed, and holding it there as he scrutinised his features. In the deep gloom, the concentrated light brought each face sharply out.

Quickly and quietly I buttoned my jacket, preparing to make a dash for it. Not a dozen lodgers remained between Kneller and myself. He moved slowly, and I could see the delight he took in the awe and terror he inspired. Then, of a sudden, he seized the man before him by the collar and jerked him out of the line.

"Here he is!" he exclaimed.

"No, no, sir!" cried the wretched victim. "I've done nothing, sir! Indeed I haven't!"

The voice and the words were those of a man of considerable refinement, which seemed to add to Kneller's pleasure.

"No, no, sir! Indeed I haven't!" he mocked. "What d'ye call yer-self?" he added harshly.

"Robert Martin, sir. I'm a clerk!"

"Oh, Robert Martin, is it?" said Kneller in the same tone of savage mockery. "Well, well! Will ye hearken to that, now!"

With that he gave the man so violent a shove that he fell. They yanked him up, drew his arms behind his back and locked a pair of handcuffs on his wrists; then, without another glance at the rest of us, as though we were so much dirt under his feet—and glad I was that he so regarded us—Kneller marched out, the others following with the victim between them.

That was my last night in the rat-warren of Love Lane. I resolved to have one more try at a seaman's berth in some American ship; therefore, next morning I set out to make the rounds of the shipping on the Wapping side of the river. And as luck would have it, I found a berth on the very first ship I boarded.

Please turn to page 18

A simple act of courtesy—everyday routine. But all that followed was anything but simple for Cornelius.

I D come up to the office from Washington, where I was head of the "Globe's" bureau, for our monthly conference on policy, and I was talking with Lief Donaldson, our city editor.

Lief is an old-timer, and I've noticed that those fellows have a set of traditions that are absolutely iron-bound.

"Newspaper men," he had just stated flatly, "aren't news."

So far as he was concerned, that settled it. Not for me, though. Wherever I go the fact that I am a newspaper man seems to interest people right off. It hasn't anything to do with me personally, but it does convince me that people are very much interested in newspaper men.

So I foolishly tried to argue the matter with Lief. Finally, to prove my point, I told him the story of Cornelius Bull and the Fifth Column.

Nelle was, and still is, head of the Washington bureau for a Middle Western paper. I don't think Lief had ever met him, but he knew Nelle by reputation as one of the ablest newspaper men in Washington. When you say that, it's like saying he is one of the stars on the baseball team that won the World Series.

Well, Nelle was driving to his office on this particular morning. He works for an afternoon paper, and has to be on the job by 9 o'clock. . . . and he stopped just outside his house to pick up a fellow who stopped at the driveway to let the car pass.

We're pretty friendly people out in Arlington County, and we seldom pass anybody by who looks decent and wants a lift.

This chap was fairly young, and very well dressed, with what Nelle sized up as a foreign air. The fellow didn't say so, and Nelle didn't ask, but he got the idea that he was connected with one of the embassies or ministries in Washington.

The conversation ran along pretty ordinary lines, the kind of thing one cultivated stranger says to another: nothing personal or significant. Nelle was feeling pretty good, and told a few stories. The fellow laughed. In fact, if Nelle hadn't been a highly trained observer, it would have been an incident without any importance at all.

What he saw was this: the stranger was leaning back comfortably in his seat, filling his pipe with tobacco. When he had the job done to his satisfaction, he pulled one of those kitchen matches out of his pocket, and brought his right foot up onto his left knee so he could strike it.

Nelle instinctively looked over at this motion, and got a good look at the shoe. It was a beauty; bench-made to order, but Nelle wasn't much interested in that. What did strike him as unusual was that this shoe had some reddish dust just above the sole, on the instep. Apparently whoever did the polishing missed that spot.

In order to get another look, Nelle pulled out a packet of cigarettes and took one.

"My lighter isn't working," he said. "How about scratching another of those matches for me?"

"Of course," said the stranger. Up came the foot, and Nelle took another quick look. It was dust of an unusual color, certainly not the kind you'd get on your shoes in the normal course of events. It struck

Nelle that you might see it on a mechanic's shoes, someone who worked around a metal lathe, or a grinder that made very fine powder as a waste product.

But this fellow was no mechanic, not even an amateur dabbler. Nelle decided that when the man held over the match. It was a carefully tended hand, and as far as he could see, there weren't any calluses at all.

When they reached Constitution Avenue and Fourteenth Street, the stranger said he could board a trolley.

"I am grateful for the ride," he said. "My own car is commandeered by my wife to-day, and I do not enjoy the bus."

"Think nothing of it," Nelle answered, and drove on down to his office still trying, although not very hard, to figure out what a fellow like that would be doing with red dust on his shoe.

He was pleased with the way he had manoeuvred to get a second look at the shoe until he recalled that not ten minutes before that episode he had lighted a cigarette on the car's lighter, and that his guest had presumably seen him do it.

"It's a good thing I'm not a detective," he told himself. "Those babies have to think of everything."

He'd forgotten all about it by the time he left his car at the garage and reached his office. He didn't get a chance to go back to it, either, for he'd barely read his mail when Washington went mad.

The ticker in the corner almost rang its bell off. . . . they ring it to attract attention when news of unusual importance comes

through. . . . and Nelle trotted over to get a look.

There'd been a big explosion in the Navy Yard, where they make most of the big guns for the battleships. Nelle hopped out of the Press building, along with practically every other correspondent in town, grabbed a taxi and headed for the yard.

He didn't think they'd let him in, because the Press is generally shut out until the G-men and the rest of the investigators get first crack. Sometimes they never do get in. This time, for some reason, there wasn't any trouble at the gate, and Nelle, along with the rest, went right to the scene.

The explosion had happened in a shop where they were machining some copper alloy. The place was pretty well messed up, and there'd been a fire after the blast. But that hadn't amounted to much, which was fortunate because a real fire would have played the deuce with an important part of the defence programme.

Anyway, Nelle sniffed around, got what facts were available, and went back to his office to write a story. There had been talk of sabotage, Nelle figured it might be sabotage,



THEY MET BY CHANCE

began to speculate on whether the dust on his shoe definitely placed him in that machine shop at some time before the explosion. If it did, then he had something worth investigating. There was, Nelle realised, a way to make sure.

The Navy Yard shop had been working with a copper alloy. It could be a very special alloy, even some secret Navy formula that could be found nowhere else. That was something he ought to be able to learn through some of his Navy friends. If it was a special alloy, a chemist could say definitely whether the stranger had been in the shop.

He could, that is, if he had a sample of the dust on the stranger's shoe. Nelle puzzled over that, and suddenly his memory threw something at him.

He is a wonderful raconteur, and I mentioned earlier that he had told a couple of stories to his guest on the way into town. They had been well received, Nelle recalled. In fact, the man had stamped his feet as part of his expression of mirth. This might have jarred some of the dust on to the floor of the car.

Nelle himself had not been on that side of the front seat all day. He had entered and left the car by the left-hand door, leaving undisturbed any dust on the right side. And a few grains would serve to establish the connection.

Taking a magnifying glass and another envelope from his desk, Nelle returned to the bedroom, put on his slippers and wrapper, and repaired to the garage that adjoined the kitchen. Working with a flashlight and a small brush, he carefully swept the floor on the right-

By
GLEN PERRY

grandest persons in Washington and environs, talked about it all through dinner and most of the evening.

He was getting undressed for bed when Nelle saw something that almost knocked him off his chair. He had leaned down to untie his shoe laces, and one of the knots jammed. He had to look at the shoe then, and there, around the sole, was a coating of fine reddish dust.

He let out a yell. Marian . . . that's Mrs. Nelle . . . asked him what was the matter. He said nothing, that he'd just thought of something. Handing it as if it was worth a thousand dollars he took off the shoe, carried it into his den, and scraped some of the powder into an envelope. Then he sat down at his desk and began to do a little concentrating.

In the first place, there definitely had not been any such powder there that morning. He knew, because after the stranger had left the car he'd looked at his own shoes just out of curiosity. Therefore the stuff had got on his shoes at some time during the day, and Nelle jumped forthwith to the conclusion that he had picked it up in the machine shop.

He tried to remember whether he had seen any reddish dust in the shop after the explosion, but couldn't. It would have been hard to tell, anyway, with all the water on the floor from the hoses. He did recall that his shoes had been wet when he got back to his office. Probably when they dried, the powder was left.

Turning to the stranger, Nelle





hand side of the car, working the dust he gathered on to a sheet of paper. This he took to the kitchen, and placed it on the table.

The magnifying glass was called into play, with the flashlight held in his left hand below the lens. He stared through the glass for a moment, and then looked up with a triumphant grin.

It appeared to him that there actually were some grains of the reddish dust mixed with the blackish grey that had been accumulated. He picked the paper up, curved it in his left hand, and poured the sweepings into the envelope held open in his right hand. To avoid later confusion he took a pencil and marked a letter S in one corner of the envelope, which he then sealed.

Back in his den he marked the other envelope with a B, and sealed it, too. He locked both in his strong box and then went to bed.

The next morning Nellie didn't bother about doing any first edition story. He got out the two envelopes, and then called up the Navy publicity man for permission to enter the yard again.

Once at the yard he went to the shop where the explosion had wrecked things. The place had dried out since the day before, and sure enough he found plenty of reddish powder on the floor around the smashed lathe. He might have scooped some up, but Nellie is a thorough sort of chap. He deliberately walked through a puddle outside the shop, so that he would get the dust on his shoes the same way he had before.

Just for appearances he made a bluff at looking around, and then took a cab back to his office. When the shoes dried the powder was left and he scraped it into a third envelope, printed a neat Y in the corner, and put it with the other two.

This done, he called up Captain Schouler in the Navy ordnance department, whom he happened to know pretty well.

"Mike," Nellie began, "about that explosion yesterday. What were they machining in the shop?"

"That comes under the head of a State secret," said Mike.

"That isn't what I mean. They were working with a copper alloy, weren't they?"

"Yeah," Mike drawled.

"Was it an alloy you'd expect to find anywhere?"

"Why d'you want to know?" asked Mike.

"I'll tell you in a couple of days. It's not for a story."

"Okay," said the captain. "I don't think you'd find that alloy in any other shop in the world."

"That's all I want to know. Thanks, Mike. Oh, and one more thing. Could a chemist identify samples of the grindings as coming from that alloy?"

"Certainly. I could myself. What are you up to, Nellie?"

"Playing detective, Mike. G'bye."

Nellie then took his envelopes, walked down to the Department of Justice.

He was fairly well acquainted around there, and he asked, as a personal favor, if the F.B.I. chemists would analyse three samples and tell him if they were identical. They consented, and he carefully

poured out half of the contents of each envelope onto separate sheets of paper. Then he took the resealed envelopes and went over to the Press Club for lunch.

When he got back to his office a lean, good-looking young chap was waiting for him. Nellie had never seen him before, but he placed him right away as a G-man. He hit the bull's-eye, as he found when he saw the chap's badge, and led him into his room.

"You gave us three samples to analyse," the young man said.

"That's right."

"Where'd you get them?"

"Oh three shoes."

"We know that. Whose shoes?"

"Two of them were mine. One belonged to another fellow."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No. I wish I did."

The G-man nodded. "I suppose you know where that alloy dust came from."

"I know where two of the samples came from."

"Well, the other one came from the same place. And knowing what that place is, we're interested."

So Nellie told him all about the stranger.

"It's my guess," he concluded, "that this fellow works in one of the embassies or ministries here. It's just a hunch. And now we've placed him in that shop. He might have had legitimate business there, of course."

The G-man raised his eyebrows. "Yes?" he said. "We have a list of everyone who's been in the place on legitimate business in the past year, and we've checked on every one of them in the last twenty-four hours. There weren't many. None at all yesterday or the day before. And they're all in the clear. Would you recognise this man if you saw him again?"

"You bet. And I intend to see him again."

"Hm. Well, let us know when you do, will you?"

At dinner that night Nellie noticed that Marian had that air a married woman gets when some man not her husband has been attracted to her. It says, "I may be out of circulation, but I can still get 'em if I want to, big boy." It was no new look for Marian, who is something to behold, and Nellie had learned by experience to wait for the story.

He didn't have to wait long. No longer, in fact, than it took to push her chair in and lean over to kiss her. She smiled contentedly.

"You'd better be nice to me, my newspaper hero," she said. "I could get married to-morrow if it weren't for you."

"That's been true ever since I've known you, I'm pleased to say," he answered. "Where'd you catch this one?"

"At Myra Wolcott's tea this afternoon."

"Whose tea?"

"Myra Wolcott. I don't think you know her. Her husband's an importer. She called me this morning and asked me to go, so I did. I'd met her once, or twice, at parties. She's quite nice."

"And the victim?"

"Oh, he's a fascinating foreigner. Tall, blonde, monocled, spiked moustache. He's a military attaché in the X embassy."

It's quite a strain keeping some of the names out of the story, but the State Department wouldn't like me to tell everything I know, Marian

"Please don't attempt anything foolish," said the Count, eyeing Nellie and his wife grimly.

told Nellie the name, though, and he was interested, for it happened to be the one in which he hoped to find his hitch-hiker.

"He was very attentive to me until he found out I was married," she went on. "Even then he was very nice, and he wants us to come to dinner at the embassy to-morrow night. He's sending us an invitation, he said. I don't suppose you'll want to go."

Under ordinary circumstances Nellie would not have dreamed of accepting the hospitality of people with whom he had so little sympathy. But he was sure this invitation was not the result of a chance meeting. Marian's description of the attaché did not tally with his stranger's appearance, but that was to be expected. He would hardly act in person.

The more Nellie thought about it the more convinced he was that Marian had been invited to the tea so the attaché could meet her, and that while his task was the easier because of her attractiveness he would have played up to her had she been ugly.

"We oughtn't to disappoint your

gallant when he's just met you," he told Marian.

The invitation arrived the next morning, and an acceptance went back with the courier who brought it. After which Nellie drove over to the Munitions Building to confer with Mike Schouler. That tall, saturnine officer listened to the story, peered at the idea of any connection among the dinner, the explosion, and Nellie, and told him to buy a box of Grumpees, the breakfast cereal, so he could get a detective badge and a toy gun. At that point Nellie fled.

At the embassy that night, Marian and Nellie found themselves in Continental surroundings. Her conquest was there, in gorgeous full-dress uniform, and he made himself very entertaining. But Nellie was disappointed, for his stranger was nowhere to be seen. It began to look as though his estimate of the situation might have been incorrect.

On the other hand, he sensed a certain tension in the atmosphere. On several occasions he noticed covert looks directed at him. But

nothing out of the ordinary for a formal Washington dinner occurred, and when he slipped his arms into his overcoat it was with the feeling that he had wasted an evening.

It was raining when Nellie headed his car towards the embassy gate and Massachusetts Avenue, but he saw the figure standing in the driveway with upraised arm. As he brought the car to a stop, the man walked to the side of the car. Thinking it was a guard, Nellie looked carelessly towards him. But the man did not stop. He opened the rear door and stepped quickly into the car. He was smiling amiably when Nellie turned and recognised his stranger.

"Good evening, Mr. Bennett," he said. "Your automobile seems to have an irresistible attraction for me. I wonder if you would be so good as to drive me out to Arlington?"

Something gleamed in his right hand, and Nellie recognised it as a small automatic.

There wasn't much Nellie could do about it. He put the car in gear, and headed for Chain Bridge.

"You've got the advantage of me on names," he said finally.

Please turn to page 8

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They Met By Chance

Continued from page 7

AFTER a moment, the stranger replied. "That is true. And since you are to visit my home for a nightcap, I should introduce myself. I am Captain Count."

"I've got to duck again. I can't give you his name, but I can say he was assistant naval attaché at the X embassy, and had been for a little more than a year. Nellie fell silent, but he was cursing himself for getting Marian into this situation."

"Would you mind," he asked, "if I drop Mrs. Bennett off at our house? There's no reason why she should be in our this."

"I fear there is ample reason. It is necessary that I talk with both of you. Proceed as I tell you, if you please."

Nellie followed directions, and ended up at an inconspicuous house.

well set back from the road, a mile or so from his own place. He saw several men in the yard. One of them walked over to the car, recognised the Count, and saluted.

"Into the house, please," instructed the Count. "You will, I trust, find it less formal than the embassy, which I find stuffy."

When they reached the living-room they found a group of men sitting around with highballs and cigars. There were no weapons in evidence.

"H'm, quite a little reception committee," Nellie remarked dryly.

"Please don't attempt anything foolish," said the Count, leaning back against a refectory table from which he eyed Nellie and his wife grimly. "Anything, for instance, such as trying to break away suddenly."

The other men were also eyeing the visitors in quiet hostility. However, Marian and Nellie were given highballs, and seated comfortably. Marian was pretty rattled, and her first act was to drink deeply from her glass. Nellie put his down untouched.

"Mr. Bennett," the Count went on, "I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you gave me a ride the other morning."

"I'll bet you are," said Nellie. If cards were going to be laid on the table, he intended to play his hand first.

"Yes. You see, you overlooked the fact that I knew your lighter was in good condition, having seen you use it. It was simple to deduce why you wanted another look at my shoe. Then."

NELLIE leaned forward, and pointed an emphatic finger.

"I overlooked nothing," he said. "I realised my mistake as soon as I got some of that same dust on my shoes after the explosion, which was the first time I took the thing seriously. You had a head start, because you knew the minute you got out of the car that I'd seen something potentially dangerous to you. But I had all the time I needed."

"You found out who I was by my licence plates, and had me tailed long enough, so you knew I'd stumbled on to the thing you were afraid of."

"Quite right," agreed the Count. Some of the others nodded.

"You figured I was the only one who could actually make an identification, and you also figured I'd look for you. And when I found you, that'd mean trouble. You could do one of two things. The simplest would be to get out of Washington. My guess is you'd have done that if your job was finished, but that you've got more to do and don't want to leave just yet."

"The other would be to get together with me as soon as possible, so you could get things straightened out, and relax."

The Count smiled appreciatively.

"Yes," he said. "Your analysis is very good. But have you carried it to the next stage? I mean, how it could be straightened out?"

"I have some ideas," Nellie answered. "But why Mrs. Bennett?"

"You picked me up outside your house. She might have been looking out the window and seen me. You have no near neighbors, of course. So you and Mrs. Bennett were the only ones dangerous to us."

"Were?" Nellie asked.

"Yes. Unfortunately for you my work is so vitally important to my government that we can let no one stand in our way."

Nellie felt as he did once when he'd been in a falling elevator.

"You don't think you can get away with killing us?" he asked.

The Count gestured.

"No indeed. Still, it is to arrange for your eternal silence that you are here now. The roads are wet. You are known as a fast driver. We have arranged an automobile accident. It will be fatal to you and to Mrs. Bennett. I am sincerely sorry."

Nellie believed him. What the Count planned was wholly imper-

sonal. Cornelius Bennett, as an individual meant nothing to him.

"You will feel nothing," the Count continued. "Both of you have harmless sleeping potions in your drinks."

Nellie looked at Marian. Her glass was empty, and she lay back in her chair, her eyes closed. Then he saw that the Count was again holding a gun, and that the other men, their faces expressionless, were on their feet.

"You have not tasted your drink," the Count observed. "I think you would prefer to empty it. It will be easier so."

Nellie, hoping to draw the group's attention from himself long enough for him to make a break for it, sat back and smiled.

"You didn't think I'd come out here this way without anybody around, do you? This place is surrounded right now. As a matter of fact, you'll find one of our men standing right outside that french door, if you look."

He was hoping that the Count would go and see, he having the only weapon actually on display. But his captor nodded to one of the others, who walked over and threw open the door. He recoiled, for there, automatic trained, stood a tall, sardonic-looking man in civilian clothes. Several others stood behind him, and they deployed into the room silently. There wasn't any fight, because the Count was covered by three guns, and the others, with two men guarding them, had no opportunity to reach for whatever weapons they possessed.

Nellie, more surprised than anyone, stared for a moment, and then gave a whoop.

"Mike Schouler," he yelled. "I never thought I'd get an answer to that prayer."

"It's because you live right, Sherlock," Mike grinned, and then turned to the Count, who was watching quietly.

"Count," said the Navy officer, "have you ever seen one of these portable dictaphones that work through a wall without any wires? We have one with us, and the gentleman holding it is Commander Schofield, of Naval Intelligence. I imagine he wants to have a heart to heart talk with you. So does the F.B.I."

"Am I under arrest?" asked the Count.

"Call it protective custody," Mike answered, "because of your diplomatic status. But don't try to get away."

"I had guards outside," said the Count.

"Had is the word," Mike said. "Don't you suppose we've checked up on the living habits of everybody in your embassy? We knew all about your guards, and they were taken care of. Now, if you're ready."

The Count nodded. He and his comrades left without protest, and Nellie swung around to Captain Schouler.

"MIKE," he asked, "how'd you get into this picture?" The four strangers put on his most satanic grin.

"We figured you needed a chap-eron on this binge to-night, once you told me what you were going to do. Not that we care about you, but we did want to get the man you were going to put the finger on. I think we did all right."

"Expect no argument from me," said Nellie. He reached down, picked up his glass, and set it on the table. "Look, can you drive Marian and me home?"

"Sure. I'll have one of my men bring my car along."

"Fine. Let's carry Marian out there. Then I'm going to down this drink."

"But it's got a sleeping powder in it," Mike objected.

"I hope so," said Nellie. "Can you think of anything I need more?"

And that's the story. The Count was recalled to his own country two days later, and his pals with him. The plans they found hidden in his house did not go with him.

Animal Antics

"It's nothing much—but ice call it home!"

A lot of other things happened under the surface, but the State Department didn't want an incident at that particular time, and nothing leaked out. Marian and Nellie had a grand sleep, and were thanked by the President.

When I got through, I sat back and smiled at my city editor.

"Well, Leif," I asked, "are newspaper men news?"

"I didn't see any stories in the papers," he said.

"I explained that," I said. "The State Department shut down on it."

"Baloney," said Leif. "They didn't print it because newspaper men aren't news."

What can you do with a man like that?

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Movie World

TAKING TIME OFF...in a simple sort of way

A QUIET evening at home, a leisurely afternoon resting in the garden, or some mild exercise is to-day the movie girl's recipe for relaxation.

To add to their already strenuous lives of studio calls and national service work, actresses now have to turn to and do housework—the servant shortage is acute. And many an extra odd job round the house falls to their lot, too, now they are without their menfolk.

Shortage of petrol means earlier rising than ever to get to their studios in time to start their film work—and a late return home.

No wonder they cherish those few precious hours to themselves—although not all the stars use their time off in the same way.

Spending her spare time romping with her two adopted children, Christopher and Christine, is Joan Crawford's idea of happy relaxation; and Judy Garland settles down to play gramophone records.

It's a busman's holiday for Sonja Henie. Although she works at skating, she still loves to get out on the ice in her free moments. Betty Grable, oddly enough, enjoys going for a long walk—like Garbo, quite alone.

Gorgeous Rita Hayworth likes to soak in a hot, fragrantly-scented bath. She probably finds it soothes those tired muscles after a strenuous dance session for her films.

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

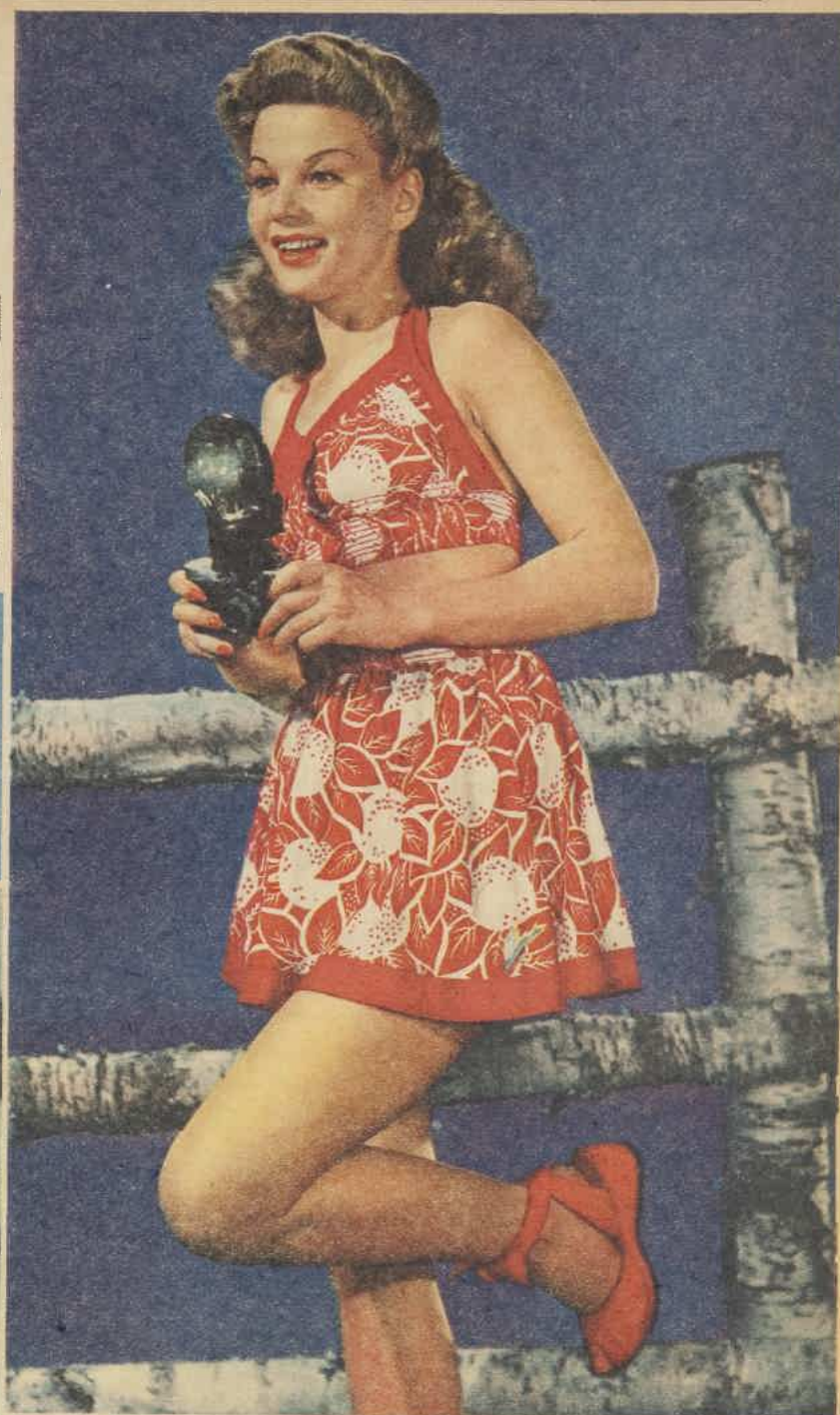
Evelyn Keyes likes nothing better than to ride her bicycle to some quiet place and dream in the sun.

Some stars choose more strenuous recreation. Being a champion swimmer, Jinx Falkenburg takes her time off in the pool, and sunbathing.

Ida Lupino's relaxation takes a practical turn. She has bought a half interest in a pig farm, and will spend free hours supervising the curing of bacon in her own smoke house.

• *Jane Frazee, young Universal player, likes to spend her free hours hunting subjects for her camera.*

• *Unlike so many film monsters, Claire Trevor's home has no swimming pool, no tennis court, no games room, but a lovely garden. Here this lovely Columbia star is seen resting perfectly in her comfortable garden swing. It was good for Claire to get back home after much exhausting work on location for Columbia's technicolor epic "The Desperadoes."*





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Caliph Haroun (Hall) takes refuge with circus players.



2 CIRCUS DANCER Scheherazade (Montez) plans to flee with Haroun from attentions of revolution leader Kamar (Erickson).



3 AT INSTIGATION of Kamar, Haroun, Scheherazade and Ali are captured.



4 CONFINED in slave pit, Haroun tells Scheherazade he will save her.



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5 ESCAPING, Haroun rushes to rescue Scheherazade from the slave market.



6 MORTAL COMBAT for Haroun and Kamar when Scheherazade favors former.

Eighth Army Theme of war film from Britain

By ANNE MATHESON in London

A WAR story of a crack British regiment in Libya, "Nine Men" is being filmed in England to-day by producer Michael Balcon.

Director Henry Watts (who gave the public "Target for To-night") explains "Nine Men" in the following words: "The Army need a break. They want entertainment as well as training films. A picture about themselves doing ordinary things, and heroic things, too, so that they can identify themselves with it will make them feel less neglected."

"The Army haven't had a story of this war devoted to themselves alone, and it will give an extra filip to morale."

None of the men—all of whom have been soldiering some time or other—are big names. Watts wants his characters to be soldiers on the screen, not stars. Like "Target for To-night," there is no love interest. There isn't a woman in the cast.

The original title of "Nine Men" was "Umpty Poo." This is the phrase, denoting that little extra bit of courage which the soldier must have, that was brought back by the Guards from France in 1940.

It comes from the French "un petit peu," and already it's a part of the language of the Army, just as "san fairey ann" was part of the last war's vocabulary.

The sergeant of the "Nine Men" who are cut off from their battalion in Libya, and work out their own salvation, is six-footer Jack Lambert, ex-actor, who turned down a Hollywood offer 12 years ago, and has been more prominent on the British stage than in films. Lambert was a major in the Royal Scots Fusiliers when he was co-opted with War Office permission, for "Nine Men."

Twelve years ago, Major Jack Lambert was an amateur actor in Scotland, won a dramatic festival open to the whole of Britain with the village team in which he was playing. One thousand pounds was subscribed to send the team to America, where it won the David Belasco Cup—the highest award possible to amateurs.

The New York stage and Hollywood studios showered offers on Jack Lambert, but he refused to accept them. Returning to England he was signed up by Sir Nigel Playfair.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
THIS escapist tale, entitled "Arabian Nights," was filmed in technicolor by producer Walter Wanger for Universal release.

Location of its adventure was the dazzling, hot California desert, where the luckiest person in the cast proved to be heroine Maria Montez—her entire wardrobe for the film, some thirteen Oriental gowns, weighed only six and a half pounds over all!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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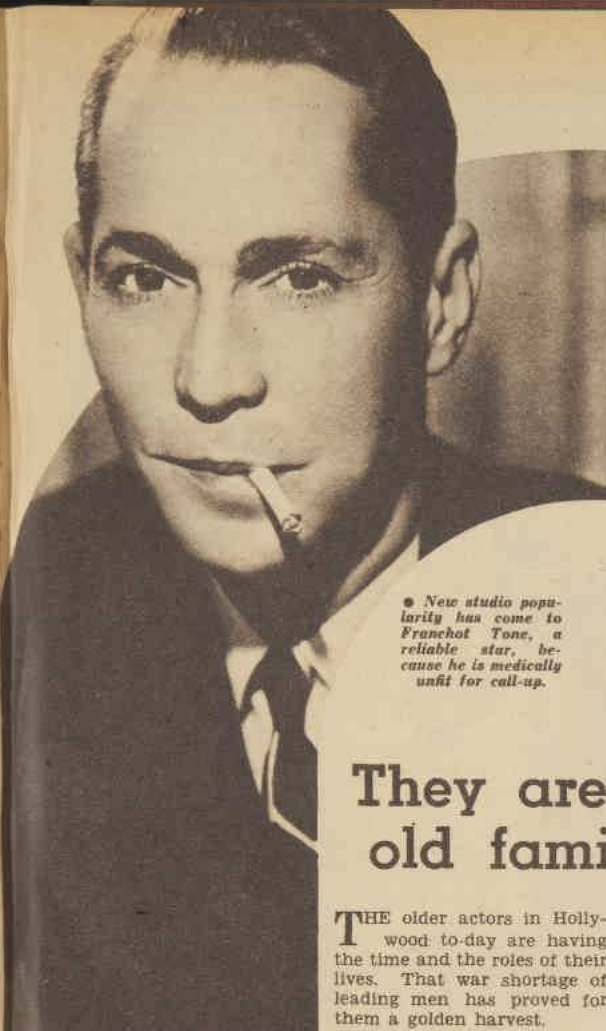
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● New studio popularity has come to Franchot Tone, a reliable star, because he is medically unfit for call-up.



● Intriguing George Raft is over-age for fighting—how much over age will surprise you.



● Warner Baxter, who has just celebrated his 25th wedding anniversary, and who retired from films two years ago, is back and busier than ever. He is leading man to Ginger Rogers in a new musical.

They are all back... the old familiar faces

★
From Viola MacDonald in Hollywood
★

THE older actors in Hollywood to-day are having the time and the roles of their lives. That war shortage of leading men has proved for them a golden harvest.

Examples are John Boles and Warner Baxter, established stars, who are exempt from the Army due to age.

They are now swamped with lucrative offers to step into the shoes of younger men.

William Powell, Herbert Marshall, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Charles Boyer, George Raft, and Paul Muni have taken over films vacated by Army men.

Baxter stars with Ginger Rogers in "Lady in the Dark."

Tracy is now the choice for the Father Chisholm role in "Keys of the Kingdom" at Fox. Van Heflin, signed for the role, has enlisted.

Tracy said: "I realise I am not the physical embodiment of Father Chisholm, as his author, A. J. Cronin, described him. Van would have looked much better; but, as he is in the Army, I feel I must be able to portray the part."

Paul Muni has returned to romantic roles. He shares the love interest with Anna Lee in "The Countess."

Stars like Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Edgar Bergen obey Presidential orders to remain at their posts, boosting morale with films, camp tours, and Bond tours. They are all anxious to enlist, but abide by Uncle Sam's decision.

Among the younger men who are deferred due to reported physical disabilities are Orson Welles and Franchot Tone.

Herbert Marshall, war-wounded in the last war, is also over age. Shooting was delayed on "Jane

Eyre," due to the uncertainty of casting the Rochester role. Pidgeon or Colman was considered ideal, but they were snowed under with conflicting offers. Finally, the part had to be given to Welles.

Few people have realised the true ages of youthful-appearing actors. But Walter Pidgeon has a grown-up daughter. John Boles has a married daughter, and young-looking George Raft is actually a grandfather. Cary Grant, owning up now to his 38 years, is outside call-up—for the present.

These men cannot, however, cope with the increasing demand for actors. Two obvious solutions have been tried.

Until recently, studios were competing in signing up youngsters under draft age. Paramount held Jimmy Lydon, aged eighteen. Walter Wanger signed 18-year-old Cliff Robertson, whom agent Frank Ryan discovered in the Fox mailing-room. Cliff was awarded the feature role in a University story titled "Texas A and M."

But to-day, with the draft age lowered, and Freddie Bartholomew already in the Army Air Corps, the entire burden is likely to fall on aged or unfit actors.

Meanwhile, actors' agents search feverishly for new talent in Hollywood. I heard of one agent delirious with joy when he signed, sealed, and delivered a new actor to the studio list.

Cried the agent: "He has everything to make a good leading man—gastric ulcers, arthritis, and blood pressure!"

Studios are also building up women's parts, and, where possible, using all-women casts—as in Metro's "Nurses of Bataan" and Universal's "Hundred Girls." Many studios plan film stories with women war-workers exclusively.



Paul Muni is handling screen romance for the first time in years.



Eighteen-year-old Jimmy Lydon is being groomed for mature leading roles.

Merle Oberon chooses England for duration

NOW that Sir Alexander Korda has decided to make "War and Peace" in England, wife Merle Oberon finds nothing in the way of her returning to Britain and remaining there for the duration.

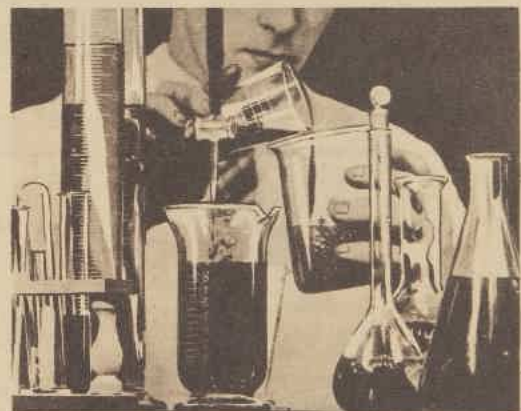
Merle will play Natasha in Tolstoy's famous novel, but she is not worried about how long the film will take.

She has got a date with the troops scattered Britain-wide, and this is of far more importance.

Says Merle: "Once I had been in camp shoes for the troops I knew my place was over here. So I will close up our Hollywood house and be back as soon as I finish the picture I am making in Hollywood."

In the meanwhile, "War and Peace" swings into production in Canada, where its outdoor sequences are being filmed.

The Measure of an Industry



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In the days before the war, the makers of Agee Pyrex were busy supplying the needs of wise housewives for modern glass ovenware... to-day they are producing a wide and varied range of dispensary, laboratory, and clinical glassware for use by the fighting services, in army hospitals, in laboratories and munition plants, all in furtherance of Australia's war effort.

It is in times of national crisis such as the war has brought about that the true value of an industry can be assessed. And it is to Australia's benefit that out of your popular Pyrex casseroles should come this vitally necessary glassware to meet Australia's wartime demand.

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Just as growing weakens the child, onerous tasks undermine the health of the war worker. Both need building up with "Scomol." "Scomol" is guaranteed to contain 1000 International Units of Vitamin A and 100 International Units of Vitamin D in every gramme. Vitamin A builds natural resistance to common ills, rejuvenates tired tissues, and prevents "nutritional night-blindness," a condition of reduced adaptability to dim light. Vitamin D helps the body to utilise the vital elements calcium and phosphorus, and makes up for a lack of natural sunshine.

"Scomol" is widely recommended by doctors, dietitians, welfare officers, and pharmacists for work-weary adults.



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Winner of Our £1000 Novel Competition

MR. A. E. MARTIN, of 57 Lord Street, Roseville, Sydney, has been awarded the £1000 prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Novel Competition for his mystery story "Common People."

● The award, which forms part of the £2000 Fiction Contest conducted by this paper, is for the best novel suitable for publication as a serial. Five prizes of £200 each were awarded earlier for short stories.

● The offer of £1000 for a prize novel is unique in the literary history of Australia and has seldom been exceeded anywhere in the world.

● First instalment of "Common People" will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly at an early date.

A. E. Martin awarded big prize for his enthralling mystery "Common People"

Winner of the £1000 prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Novel Competition, Mr. A. E. Martin, entered the contest because of a challenge from his son John, who is now abroad with the R.A.A.F.

"John said to me before he left 'You could do it, but I bet you won't because you can't make yourself sit in one chair long enough,'" said Mr. Martin.

The winning author's first thought after recovering from the excitement of the good news was that he must send a cable to his son at once. "I think I'll word it, 'Yah, smarty!'" he said.

WHEN the competition was announced, Sergeant-Observer J. R. Martin began advising his father to enter.

"I had a wonderful lot of excuses for not taking the advice," Mr. Martin said. "I tried to protest that the weather was too cold. I said it was a dreadful thing to sit and look at a blank sheet of paper and know you had to write thousands of words when you didn't even have an idea."

"When John went overseas he'd given it up as a bad job, but what he said about sitting in one chair long enough impressed me."

"I tried it out one morning. It was hard going. I never recollect a morning during which I remembered so many things I had to do and none of them was connected with writing."

"Then I got a brain wave. I realised I didn't have to keep the chair in the same place. I sat on it in every room in the house, and outside, too. It came easily after that."

"When the ideas flowed I didn't worry about punctuation or paragraphing. I left that for the typed draft."

"When I really got going I finished it in about three weeks."

"My boy doesn't know I've written 'Common People.' Quite apart from the very generous prize money, he'll be delighted to know I actually did the job he suggested."

"He writes himself, and after the war we may team up—when he's finished looking at his baby Sue. He only saw her for a day or two before he went away."

Mr. Martin's novel, "Common People," tells of men and women who earn their living in unusual ways—people of the circus, and caravan sideshows. It has a strong domestic flavor and love interest as well as being a story of crime, mystery, and intrigue.

It reveals its author as highly talented in character portrayal. You cannot read "Common People" without being immediately absorbed by the men and women in its pages.

Mr. Martin has written many short stories, but "Common People," submitted to the competition under the nom-de-plume of "Peter Amos," is his first novel.

He is a South Australian, born in Adelaide, and has had a varied and interesting career, mostly in publicly work associated with newspapers and the theatre.

His table-talk is spangled with famous stage names.

His first excursion into the newspaper world was made when he was fourteen.

He wrote what he thought were innocent puns concerning mining

information gleaned in the office where he worked as messenger.

They were published, creating such a startling sensation on the Stock Exchange and in his own office that an abrupt departure from the latter seemed the wisest course.

He next joined the staff of a paper conducted by C. J. Dennis, author of "The Sentimental Bloke." Then followed commercial ventures, picture shows, and side-shows, and eventually a trip to Europe, where he "dodged around" all the big fairs and circuses.

Returning to Australia, Mr. Martin took up theatrical work, doing publicity for leading firms. This led him on to pantomime writing.

On the subject of this he smiled wryly.

"I think I wrote four pantomimes," he said. "Bo Peep" is the one I remember best.

"The producer cut out half I'd written and the comedians cut out the other half, and when the show started I thought I was in the wrong theatre. But there was my name on the programme large as life."

"And next morning the critics declared that the comedians did the best they could with the poor material provided by the author."

Mr. Martin puts his theatrical ex-

perience to good account in his work.

As he is writing his story he sets up a model of the scene, such as is used in theatre work, and moves the figures about in accordance with the action of the story. This saves his characters from doing such impossible actions as walking through closed doors, strangling a man ten feet away, looking out the window from the wrong side of the room.

Notes on contest

THE Australian Women's Weekly great fiction contest was a splendid success.

Entries for the novel section of the contest poured in from all parts of Australia and from New Zealand and Papua as well.

Men on active service with the forces, women of the outback people who spend their days at city desks or counters, some successful writers and many ambitious amateurs were among the entrants.

Most of the entries, including the prize-winning one, were first novels, and The Australian Women's Weekly feels that this proves how great a stimulus to the nation's literary talent the contest has been.

People who had always wanted to write were heartened by the new



MR. A. E. (Archie) MARTIN, winner of the prize of £1000 in The Australian Women's Weekly Novel Competition.



MS. OF "COMMON PEOPLE," the mystery story which has won £1000 for its writer, Mr. A. E. Martin. It is his first novel, set among the people of the circus and caravan sideshows, which he knows at first hand.



MR. MARTIN and his younger son Jim with the model of a scene from "Common People," used by the author to guard against "howlers" in movement of characters.



SERGEANT-OBSERVER J. R. Martin, who challenged his father to write a novel.

field open to them, and the long-stifled urge towards self-expression found an outlet.

Every one of the entries was read by at least three persons, and many of them by six or more.

The judges were particularly pleased to find that almost every entry was marked by sincerity of purpose.

Many writers showed that through

inexperience they were unable to handle quite promising material.

Some novels lacked depth of plot, many lacked craftsmanship.

Craftsmanship, however, is largely a matter of practice, and one result of this competition is that it will stimulate writers of talent to perfect their technique.

The judges commented on the number of mystery stories submitted. Few writers attempted the ambitious task of an historical novel or a story of the family saga type.

This is undoubtedly a reflection of the trend of the times.

To-day it seems most people read fiction for relaxation.

They want to forget the problems and worries which occupy the greater part of their time.

So we are satisfied with the soundness of the judges' decision which awarded the big prize to a story in which entertainment value is pre-eminent.

(See pictures of author at home, Page 17)

Editorial

FEBRUARY 27, 1943

HIS DREAMS COME TRUE

LORD NUFFIELD is a man who makes dreams come true. Most millionaires can do that.

What gives Lord Nuffield his world prominence is that he makes other people's dreams come true along with his own.

His latest gift of £10,000,000 is typical of the man. Like the other £15,000,000 he has given away, it will be used for medical research and the public good.

With these new millions he will fulfil the dreams of research men who have been too busy in the laboratory to make enough money to continue their experiments.

Already thousands bless the name of the man who provided iron lungs for hospitals all over the Empire.

Thousands more, yet unborn, will bless his name when the fruits of this new munificence become available to sick and suffering humanity.

Nuffield is truly a prince among millionaires. He amassed millions only to give them away.

He has worked hard from boyhood. His work has brought him money. His money has brought him the power to say "Let this be done."

Few humans are unspoiled when they gain unlimited money and the unlimited power it brings. But Nuffield has remained a simple man.

Limiting his own family expenditure to £1000 a year, he turns the rest of his colossal fortune from the mere dross of money to the gold of good works.

May he long live to dream such great dreams.

—THE EDITOR.



FIFTEEN PAIRS OF BROTHERS and one father and son are among the members of an A.A.S.C. in the Northern Territory. Two pairs of brothers were absent on duty when this picture was taken. L. to r.: Front row: L-Cpl. R. W. and Cpl. C. F. Tranter, Drivers. C. H. and A. E. Leitch. 2nd row: Drivers. R. C. and A. M. Sims, L. A. and E. G. MacPherson, J. R. and E. P. Saunders. 3rd row: Drivers. R. W. and J. Chant, J. O. and J. A. B. Ellis, Driver. T. B. and Lieut. F. F. Hadlam, Drivers. C. G. and J. W. Pearce. 4th row: Drivers. E. and A. C. Brooks, L. G. and K. M. Pollard, Driver. L. C. and Cpl. W. G. O'Malley, Drivers. T. E. and S. M. Wickham. Back row: Drivers. J. L. (father) and A. L. (son) Solomon.

Padre took mail through Japanese lines

A Padre who worked among the troops in the front line writes from Sanananda in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

"In spite of all the difficulties," Padre Hartley writes to his wife in Caulfield, Victoria, "we would not like to be out of here until the job is done."

"OUR advance squadrons captured a Jap camp on the first morning, and established themselves in a perimeter camp. Here they were cut off from the rest of us for five days. We got faint communications by wireless."

"I was working with the doctor at another perimeter camp."

"Here we did what we could for the wounded—such as could get back. You will be interested to know that I can now administer chloroform. It was a case of grim necessity. The doctor did a great job, and I helped him."

"After five days another squadron was able to contact the forward perimeter by establishing a supply track which passed in and out of the Jap positions."

"The next day I went to the forward perimeter with the ration party. From then on I went up and down the track nearly every day till one officer named it 'Hartley's track'."

"Inside the perimeter we had to make the best arrangements possible. We had to dig holes to get water and holes to sleep in. Thus we put in a fortnight with the Japs all around."

"Of course, our patrols were active at all times, but our base was surrounded but for the supply track. We often wondered why we were not ambushed on the track, but the fact is we were not."

"The ration party were always heavily armed. I could not carry ammunition, so I always carried the mail and what comforts I could muster."

"It was great when we moved

near a creek and were able to have our first decent wash for over a fortnight. I was also able to contact a Y.M.C.A. officer, who lent me a clean pair of trousers."

"You can't sleep in a hole in the ground, which floods with water when it rains (a common occurrence), without getting a little grubby."

"We have now shifted to a sphere where the men can come out of the lines for four hours daily, and come back and have a wash in the creek, and a cup of tea at the Y.M.C.A., and write a letter home."

"I go up with the boys all day, and in their shift off they come down to the centre for a cup of tea."

Lieut. R. Skinner, in the Middle East, to his wife in Shirley St., Byron Bay, N.S.W.:

"A VERY embarrassing experience was being nearly run over by a tank."

"We did a show with the Jerries, and we had to watch a gap in a minefield for them."

"We paddled around in the dark, finally got the guns dug-in, and then had nothing to do but await the tank attack at dawn."

"Myself, troop-sergeant, my driver and orderly scratched ourselves a hole by way of being troop headquarters."

"Just before dawn all hell went off about two feet away, and about ten dirty big tanks tore past, and each put its left hand track right on the edge of our pit."

"They were so close that Elliott's greatcoat was pinned down. He still doesn't know how he got out of it."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Sig. R. Johnson, in New Guinea, to Miss Dora Rodda, Second Ave., Alberton East, S.A.:

"WE have two camp mascots now. One is a young goat deserted by its mother. We brought it home, and fed it from a sauce bottle fitted with a rubber end taken from a hydrometer."

"The other pet is a six or eight weeks' old wallaby."

"It is a tiny little thing, only the size of a rat, and, boy, can that thing disappear into a pocket quickly!"

"A bloke stooped down to pick it up, and the next thing he knew the 'walla' was inside his shirt."

"We feed it from a hair cream bottle with a hole punched in the lid, and a piece of rubber tubing (insulation stripped from some electric wire) and let the 'walla' suck at it just as we would drink a malted milk with a straw."

Driver G. Cheers, in New Guinea, to Miss J. Cunningham, 39 Polding St., Drummoyne, N.S.W.:

"I JUST had to sit up and see the New Year in."

"It was very quiet. A few tins were banged once or twice, a few truck horns blown, two anti-aircraft shots and a bugler played."

"A few seconds before midnight everything was dead quiet, and he started to play, 'Auld Lang Syne', which he'd been practising for several days previously."

"The first bar started as clear as a bell in the silence of the night but finished rather shakily."

"When he came to the high note at the end of the second line, he faltered, fell to the ground, and didn't get any further."

"It was very pathetic, but at least it can be said, 'He had a go.'"

Interesting People



MR. H. A. BENNETT

400 teas a day

TEA controller for Commonwealth Government is well-known tea expert Mr. H. A. Bennett, of Melbourne. Buys Australia's tea, from Ceylon and India. Tests and tastes as many as 400 different teas in a day. Mr. Bennett has been president Victorian Swimming Association for 20 years.



MISS IRENE SEARLS

Engineering

GENERAL MANAGER of large Melbourne engineering firm doing defence work is Miss Irene Searls. Planned firm's new engineering shop run entirely by women. Collaborated with her draughtsmen in producing new type of machine for extracting fruit juices and oils.



CAPTAIN JOHN COLLINS

new command

CAPTAIN JOHN COLLINS, former commander of H.M.A.S. Sydney, is in London waiting to take command of cruiser Shropshire, presented to Australia by Britain to replace H.M.A.S. Canberra. Captain Collins recently received Companion of the Bath awarded him in 1940 for the Sydney's brilliant action against Italian cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni. This decoration is rarely awarded to officers below rank of admiral.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE week ahead calls for watchfulness. Tuesday and Saturday should favor many, but Wednesday, Sunday, and the following Tuesday are likely to produce difficulties, worries, and upsets.

The sun has now moved from Aquarius to Pisces. This betokens better times in the weeks ahead for most Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans, and certain Capricornians and Taurians.

But whereas Taurians, Leonians and Scorpions have recently been having the difficulties, Virgoans, Geminians, and Sagittarians must now be wary, avoiding changes, discord, opposition, losses, and worries.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): February 24 can produce difficulties, so be cautious. February 23, 24, 26, and March 2 call for quiet living too.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Things improve slightly now, but caution is still advisable on most days this week. This is especially the case on March 2.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be cautious for some weeks to come, particularly on February 23 and March 2. Avoid changes, discord and upsets then. February 24 and 26 (early) poor, too.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Get busy now! February 27 (from dawn onwards, except near sunset) very helpful. Also February 25 (from sunset to mid-evening) and 26. But February 24 and March 2 are poor. Seek progress, changes, and desired goals on good days; live quietly on others.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Improvements possible now, but caution still advised, especially on February 25, 26, 28, and March 2. February 24 poor, but February 23 can be quite helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be on guard for losses, opposition, upsets, and separations possible on February 25, 26, 28, and March 2. February 24, 25, and March 1 also poor. Keep to routine affairs this week.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Uneventful days mostly, though February 24, 25, 28, and March 2 can bring difficulties, disappointments, and worry.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Things now improve, so seek progress and gains. February 23 (to mid-afternoon) helpful; February 26 (from noon to early evening) good, then poor; February 27 very helpful; February 27 good, except around sunset; February 28 and March 2 (early) poor, but good near dusk.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): A week for caution. Dodge delays and difficulties, particularly on February 24, 25, March 1 and 2 (worst). Routine wisest.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): February 25 (around dusk), February 27 (except around sunset), and March 2 (after 5 p.m.) all quite helpful in modest things.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): February 23 can be surprisingly helpful, especially to mid-day. Try to finalise outstanding matters of importance then, but avoid rashness.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Good times possible during these weeks; therefore utilise your planetary radiations to seek promotion, changes, and favors. February 23 helpful; February 25 (late afternoon and early evening) very good; February 26 very fair; February 27 (to midday) good; March 2 (midday only) very fair.

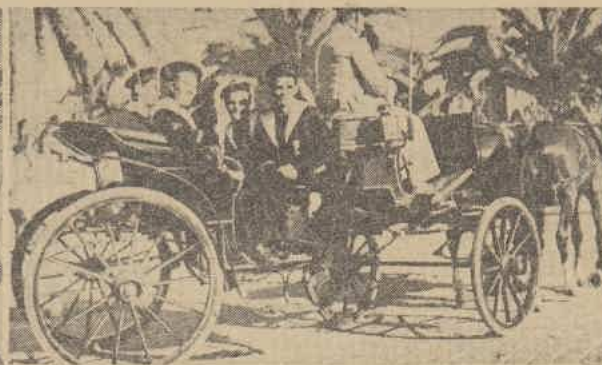
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Wrens worked at Casablanca in winter togs



A SECOND-OFFICER IN THE W.R.N.S. poses against a picturesque model of H.M.S. Queen Charlotte. Norah Kellard, who was in command of a group of Wrens who went to Casablanca, holds this rank.



ALONG THIS QUIANT COBBLED STREET in tropical Casablanca rode Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt to plan the campaigns of the great Allied nations.

Secret reports kept them busy 15 hours a day in tropic heat

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representation in England.

Mr. Churchill congratulated them, President Roosevelt inspected them, General De Gaulle and Giraud paid tribute to them, General Eisenhower saluted them, everyone in Casablanca admired them, and today every woman in Britain is proud of them—the Wrens who, for fifteen hours daily, worked on the secret reports of the Allied chiefs at the North African meeting.

These young members of the Women's Royal Naval Service made history. They were the first women ever to go to sea as part of the British Navy.

FROM the depths of the English winter they rushed to the humid heat of North Africa.

So secret was the departure that they did not know where they were going, or that they'd need tropical kit.

That's why the girls worked in thick uniforms and warm underwear while the temperature soared. They worked fast and efficiently, and Mr. Churchill sent their director this message: "They worked hard and they worked well."

Taken out to Casablanca by warship, the Wrens were "on duty" all the time, and were made full mem-

bers of the ward-room. They were accorded all naval privileges, dined with the officers, kept up naval traditions, and all sum up the job as "the most thrilling experience in the world."

In charge of the Wrens—all of whom were officers—was Second-Officer Norah Kellard, M.B.E., daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter of men who have made naval history.

She has lived all her life in Plymouth, within the sight and sound of ships of H.M. Navy, yet she had never been to sea before.

She organised the work so that thousands of words were typed, duplicated, and ready at top speed.

Second-Officer Kellard said: "We shared quarters in a pink-white Moroccan bungalow with American Waacs doing the same work. We worked long watches and were not allowed to leave the camp without permission."

"We were well guarded with sentries and six armored jeeps driving round and round all day and night long. The only break I had was when I went for a walk on the shore, but a messenger came hurrying after me, for the work had piled up again," she added.

"There was nothing but bustle and bustle in humid heat, but there was such a happy atmosphere and it was all so intensely interesting that we hardly felt fatigued."

"Only five Wrens worked ashore, the rest stayed aboard the warship on communications. Everyone, from Allied chiefs down, was most informal."

"We all worked at the same hotel where meetings were held in the restaurant, and it was nothing to find yourself sitting next to President Roosevelt, General Eisenhower, or Mr. Churchill for lunch."

"Everyone found time to be pleasant no matter how busy, and this friendly atmosphere seemed to have our work."

"That hotel, with Allied chiefs and officials working together with trust and enthusiasm, seemed to crystallise the spirit of the United Nations and democratic principles for which we are fighting," she said.

"Many times I thought how different an Axis meeting on such a scale would be."

"We were allowed, under regulations, to take off our jackets and work in shirt-sleeves, but as we were continually going from our room into the presence of high officials we found no time to be continually taking our coats on and off. So we worked for the most part in heavy uniform."

"It was very hot, but the job had to be done, and there wasn't a moment to try to get any tropical kit, even if there had been any in Casablanca."



WRENS send important communications on teleprinters. Those who went to Casablanca made history as first seagoing Wrens.

AUSTRALIA'S NAVAL WOMEN

WOMEN in Australia are volunteering eagerly for service in the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service, which is rapidly being expanded.

It is the only women's service where recruits may volunteer for overseas.

Hundreds of women who joined up recently are undergoing disciplinary courses.

Wrens are now doing work as drivers, writers, assistants in supply stores, cooks, mess stewards, signallers, and wireless telegraphists.

The uniform is similar to that of the English Wrens—blue serge with brass buttons, navy-blue hat. In the summer months a khaki skirt and shirt with black tie are adopted.

"President Roosevelt and General Eisenhower inspected us."

"Good food, steak and eggs were real luxuries to us, and long, cool drinks all through the night kept us going."

"We all spoke French, fortunately, which was a great help."

"The youngest Wren, who is aged 22, replied to the toast on the traditional Saturday night at sea with the Navy. The only alteration was that in the toast, 'Wives and sweethearts, may they never meet.' It was put in abbreviated form, just 'Wives and sweethearts.'"

"The voyage was sometimes quite rough, but the Wrens weathered the storm in true sailor fashion. We had three U-boat scares, and every day we did boat drill."

"When the details for the job were revealed we did not know where we were going. We were just sent to a railway station. The first clue we got that it was an important mission was when we were given two eggs for breakfast on the train."

"When we were well out to sea the destination was revealed, but not till we arrived at Casablanca did we know how important the conference was to be," she concluded.

Norah Kellard is the daughter of Commander Henry Kellard, grandfather of Vice-Admiral Vinicombe Penroze. Her brother is also in the Navy. She is personal adjutant to the director of Wrens.

She has been in the Service since it was formed in May, 1939. She received an M.B.E. in the New Year's honors list for meritorious service.

Australian nurse only woman in Algiers convoy

Sister Elva Trevelion, of Glenelg, South Australia, was the only woman to go with the famous Allied invasion convoy to Algiers.

"I'll never forget the scene there with the sea full of troopships surrounded by warships and circled above by protecting planes from aircraft carriers," she said when she arrived in Australia the other day.

SISTER TREVELION has spent the past three and a half years adventurously as a merchant service nurse. She has made more sea trips in troopships, going to all parts of the world, than she can remember.

There was always plenty of entertainment aboard except on the voyage to Algiers.

She had been warned that this would be a dangerous trip, and was advised not to make it. But she was too seasoned a convoy traveller to take notice of that.

She left England not knowing her destination, and it was not until after Gibraltar was left behind that she learned the exciting truth.

There was no fun aboard. Everyone was studying, and there was a tenseness in the air.

When they arrived at Algiers at 10.30 o'clock at night, the city was a blaze of lights. Next night all was pitch dark in full blackout.

She saw commandos leave and return.

"It was the most wonderful experience of my life," she said.

Travel for Miss Trevelion began when she left home to attend the Coronation in 1937.

She first saw London dressed in gala garb. After the ceremonies she saw the London most visitors

know—large, gay, friendly, and fascinating.

Her last glimpse, a few weeks ago, was of a London wounded in everything but spirit.

She had been in England for quite a time, with her eye to the Continent, when she decided to go to sea.

She joined the Orient Company, and her first trip was to Australia, during which time she saw her relatives for half a day.

Then her ship became part of the first convoy to leave Australian waters, carrying Australian troops. In all her miles of voyaging, in all seas and all climates, Miss Trevelion has always been a good sailor.

"I had a small suite," she says. "At times there would be plenty of work for me to do, nursing the officers or crew."

Being the only woman aboard, she was looked on as something of a ship's mascot. Only time there were other women was during the trip with the first Australian convoy when four Army sisters travelled.

Their names, and those of everyone who enjoyed hospitality in her little suite, are in a tiny autograph book which she values as the one written record of her trips.

Regulations about keeping diaries or cameras were so strict that happenings which are not written indelibly on her mind must be counted as lost.



ELVA TREVELION, Australian nurse who has been serving on troopships for the past 34 years.

Worst experience of her many "troopings" was when her ship took French Colonial troops from Madagascar to Marseilles. After disembarkation they were lying about three miles out when a torpedo got them, and the ship caught fire.

"It was dreadful," she said. "There were many casualties, including some dead. The doctor was ashore, and I had to attend to the wounded."

"French boats came out and took off the wounded. The chief engineer and I were the last to leave the ship."

In her many trips on the troopship Miss Trevelion helped with the evacuation of women and children from Colombo, Palestine, Egypt.

Back in England after the trip to Algiers, Sister Trevelion received news of her mother's death.

Ten days after her return she set sail once more, this time for home, to look after her father, Mr. R. G. Trevelion, at Glenelg.

WINNING AUTHOR at home with his family



FAMILY GROUP. Mr. Archie Martin, who has been awarded our £1000 prize for best novel, with his granddaughter, Susan, son Jim, Mrs. Martin, and daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Martin (at left).



AUTHOR'S SON. Sgt.-Observer John Martin, R.A.A.F., is now in England with a bomber squadron. He is 24, has literary talent, too.



LIBRARY SCENE. Mrs. Martin brings her husband some coffee while at work on his novel. Author's home is well stocked with books. Favorite hobby is reading.

Botany Bay

Continued from page 5

I was the American brig *Sterling*, from Portland, Maine, unloading deals by Wapping New Stairs. She was to sail for home in three weeks' time.

The captain looked me over with kindly eyes while he questioned me about my seamanship. Then he said, "All right, young fellow. Come back this day fortnight and ye can sign on."

If ever a man walked on air, it was Hugh Tallant. But as I rejoiced, I realised that I wanted to see Ned Inching again, if he could be found. Through him alone, I felt, all of our company could learn of what had befallen me. The only place where I could hope to get news of him was at the Vine Street pawnshop of Sabb's nephew.

Vine Street was a mean thoroughfare, bordered mostly by poor shops. I halted before a door with a sign swinging above it: Timothy Sabb, Pawnbroker.

A bell rang in a back-room as I opened the door. There was a dusty counter, and shelves behind it where the stock was displayed—cheap clocks, watches, snuffboxes, wigs, hats, and the like. All this was the blind behind which the real business of the firm was carried on.

The door to the back room opened and Timothy Sabb peered cautiously out.

"Yes, sir?" he said. "Do you remember me?" I asked. "I once met you in a certain ship called the *Charlotte*, in Portsmouth Harbor."

He examined me more nearly. "Why, upon my soul. You're—you're I can't call your name, sir, but—"

"Tallant's the name. I'm an old friend of your Uncle Nick."

"So ye are, sir! So ye are! Of course!"

For a man whom I had met but once, he seemed strangely pleased to see me. I could not account for

the warmth of his welcome. When I asked for news of Inching he shook his head.

"I couldn't tell ye where he is. There's none knows that save Ned himself. But he's in and out o' my shop every week. I know the whole of it, Mr. Tallant. Uncle Nick's told me. Have ye had word from him?"

"No. I hope all's well with him?"

"Better than well," said the nephew, rubbing his hands. "How's this for a queer thing? There's a gent from Holland settin' in my back this minute. Come in, sir! He'll be pleased to give ye all the news of Uncle Nick."

I was ushered into a good-sized room, comfortably furnished, and a proper background for the portly old gentleman seated in a leather chair by a window.

Timothy Sabb closed the door behind us.

"Mr. Tallant," he said, "I'll have ye know Myntker van Schouten. He's a goldsmith from Rotterdam."

My heart gave a leap as the goldsmith struggled up from his chair.

"The deuce he is!" said I, stepping forward to grasp his hand.

"Nick, you fat rascal!"

"Well!" Nick exclaimed. "Did ye know me as easy as that?"

Nevvy, I'm for to-morrow night's packet back to Rotterdam, Damme, if I step out o' this house again till I step into a hackney coach for the docks!"

"Never fear, Nick," said I. "I'll never have known you save for the way you got out of the chair. It reminded me of how you used to struggle up from the foot of a gun-tee at Sydney Cove when you spied a marine officer coming, to convince him you'd cleared an acre of forest since morning."

"Ye mean it?" said Nick. "Ye wouldn't ha' known me, else?"

"I never have known you save for the way you got out of the chair. It reminded me of how you used to struggle up from the foot of a gun-tee at Sydney Cove when you spied a marine officer coming, to convince him you'd cleared an acre of forest since morning."

"Ye mean it?" said Nick. "Ye wouldn't ha' known me, else?"

"Never in the world."

"There, I'll rest easy," said Nick, lowering himself with a comfortable sigh into his chair once more. "Nevvy, ye'd best mind the shop, for I've a deal to say to this seven-foot rogue, and don't wish to be disturbed." As Timothy went out he told me he was prospering in Holland.

"Aye, we're doin' famous betwixt us, nevvie and me, but Hugh, Rotterdam ain't Lunnun... Hearken to that! Mase!"

We heard faintly the sounds of horses' hoofs on the cobblestones, against the rumbling undertones of the great city's life.

"I miss it," said Nick. "I miss it sore. Rotterdam ain't nothin' against Lunnun. But that minds me," he added, his manner sobering.

"What is it, Nick? You've had no bad news?"

"Yes, Tom Oakley. He's in Newgate prison, under sentence of death."

He took up a copy of the "Morning Chronicle" and pointed out the following paragraph:

Among the four men to be hung at Newgate on Monday next is the highwayman, Tom Oakley, who was condemned to death at the Old Bailey in January, 1787, for the robbery on the Bath Road of Mr. Reginald Barker. His sentence at that time was commuted to transportation for life, and he was among the convicts sent out to New South Wales in the First Fleet expedition, in the spring of the same year.

Six weeks ago, in a daring, single-handed attempt to rob the Night Mail to Dover, a man who gave his name as Tom Asie was caught, and, later, arraigned under that name at the Old Bailey Sessions Court. It was proved beyond question that he is none other than the convict Oakley, transported in 1787, and when his identity had been sworn to by no fewer than six witnesses, it was admitted by the prisoner himself.

How this man was able to return to England is a mystery he refuses to explain. He will probably carry with him to the scaffold the secret of his escape from a penal colony at the far ends of the earth.

I read this announcement in such a state of horror that I could not, at first, grasp its significance. Tom had less than two days of life remaining to him. That the date of hanging had been set was proof that he and the three men with him had nothing to hope for.

"You must go to him, Hugh," Nick was saying. "You see that I can't go because they know me too well."

Nick looked hard at me as he pulled a heavy purse from his pocket and handed it over.

"It's a risk, lad, no doubt of it, but only one of us will be of any comfort to Tom at this hour. And if you dress your inborn manners of the gentility with fine clothes, no one will likely see that it's Hugh Tallant. There's the money for the fine feathers, and enough to grease every turnkey in Newgate. Take it and use it."

As I weighted the money in my hand I must have known deep in me the risk I would run, but it did not occur to me to question Nick's plan. "I'll see him to-morrow, Nick," I said. "You can count on it."

Sunday at Newgate. It was then that friends and relatives of the felons awaiting trial or transportation came to spend a few hours in their company.

I was at the main gate an hour before entrance time. The customary Sunday throng was already gathering.

I felt a light touch on my arm and turned to find an old woman at my side. Her face was shaded by a bonnet and she wore a faded green shawl over her shoulders.

"Please, sir," she said, in gentle, quavering voice, "can you tell me the hour? Has it gone nine yet?"

"It's getting on for nine," I replied, reaching for my watch—the watch I had bought only yesterday to top off the costume bought with Nick's money. Then I stopped short. I had consulted it not a quarter of an hour earlier, but now I had no watch to consult.

"Why—it's gone!" I exclaimed. "I've—I've been robbed!"

"Oh, sir, don't tell me that!" the old woman exclaimed in a horrified voice. "You're certain you brought it with you?"

"Yes, I know I did," I replied.

"Dear me, dear me!" She regarded me with an air of the most

woeful concern. "Was it a valuable watch, sir?" Then of a sudden, with an all but incredible change of voice and manner, "If ye prize it at that rate, would ye give a pint of ale to buy it home?" she asked.

It was Ned Inching, and I would never have recognised him save for the voice. "Sh-h-h! Step round the corner with me, Tallant. Upon my soul, if ye don't need a body-guard when ye walk out! Follow me now."

He led me through a narrow lane and down a flight of steps at the end into a dingy public house, and preceded me to a table in the corner. Ned leaned back, his arms folded, with the air of a mistress at a large school preparing to scold a naughty boy.

"You double-dyed rogue!" I exclaimed, so overjoyed and astonished that I could do little more than stare at him.

"Tallant," he said ruefully, "I've not lifted so handsome a timepiece since we came home, and it had to be yours! I had it stowed safe in my petticoat afore I saw yer face. Rogue, is it? Who's the rogue but yerself, makin' an honest woman o' me against my wish?"

He glanced cautiously towards the man at the bar before he added, in a lowered voice, "Hark ye. Have ye no more thought o' yer neck than to show yerself in Newgate Street in the broad light o' day?"

"You know why I came?"

"It's no hard matter to guess. Ye heard Tom Oakley's took."

"I'm going to see him."

"What? No, you're not! I'll hold ye away by main force!"

"Wait," I said. "You'll not, and here's the reason why." With that, I told him of my visit with Nick Sabb and what had resulted.

"Well!" he said wonderingly. "Ye may win through, at that. With money—enough of it—there's little that can't be done in Newgate."

For the moment, I forgot the numbness of my heart as I pressed Inching for news. He had long since regained the self-respect he believed he had lost forever in being once nabbed by the police and transported. He was convinced, now, it never could happen again and told me he had "done famous" since I had last seen him. Nick Sabb's nephew was now his fence, and thus he had kept in close touch with Nick.

Then he spoke of Tom, and for all his attempt to assume a hard, indifferent manner, I could see how sincerely he grieved for him.

"You've not seen him?" I asked.

"Me?" How'd I see him?"

"Ned, in that disguise you could walk into Newgate as safe as going to church."

"So I could, but I'm not such a fool as to chance it. No, no! But wish him a stout heart for me, lad."

Then he gave me some reassurance about entering the gaol, saying, "I doubt there'll be any to know ye. Four years in Newgate's a long time for keepers and the like. The blessed gaol fever cleans 'em out like the rate they be."

Presently he drained his pint pot and rose.

"I'll not keep ye. Stay here for half a tick, till I'm in the street."

"Wait, Ned. Tell me where I can find you. We must be sure to meet again."

He gave me the ghost of a smile as he adjusted his spectacles once more and shook out the voluminous folds of his petticoats.

"Look to yerself if ye do!" he said. "As handsome a watch as that and I had to fork it over!"

It was well past nine as I again approached the entrance, and the press of the early visitors had been relieved. I joined the line moving slowly forward; then the horrible breath of Newgate closed round me once more. The face of the keeper at the wicket was strange to me.

"Who for?" he asked.

"Tom Oakley, alias Tom Asie," I replied.

The man seemed to paw me over with his glance. Knowing what money could accomplish in Newgate, I was not sparing in my use of it here. The effect was magical. Then the door swung ajar and I was through.

"This way, please, your honor!" the fellow said. "Thank 'ee, and hearty, your honor! . . . You, Joe! Look sharp! Show the gentleman to Mr. Oakley."

Despite the gnawing fear in my vitals, I was encouraged by this first success. At any rate, there was no turning back now, I realised.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Yah! You always have your own way, don't you?"

as we moved into a long passageway, closed at the end by a heavily-latched door with another turnkey sitting by it.

"I'm for Mr. Tom Oakley," I said to this man, speaking in a low tone, "but don't announce me yet. I'll look on from here for a moment."

"As ye wish, master. He's just at the end of 's breakfast. There's two merry hearts, sir!"

Through the grating I looked into a small stone-paved, stone-walled court with a vaulted ceiling. It was backed by a row of doors, with a barred window in each, leading to the cells for the condemned. A table spread with the remains of what appeared to be a sumptuous meal stood in the court, and there sat Tom Oakley with one companion, their legs in irons; though I was not aware of them at first glance.

Oakley was dressed at the top of his bent, and a striking figure he made in those surroundings, against the wall, like a curtain of gloom, behind him. He wore a handsome sky-blue coat and breeches, white silk stockings and black shoes with silver buckles.

The man seated opposite was a formidable-looking fellow, a full head taller than Oakley, and with the physique of a Thames barge-man. His newly-shaven chin and cheeks gleamed with a bluish light, and he held a fork upright in a fist that looked heavy enough to have felled an ox.

Two shabbily-dressed fellows sat near the breakfasters, and I guessed their errand at once. They were Grub Street hacks, in the employ of some publisher of Newgate Annals, whose business it was to furnish the public, on execution days, with the life histories and so-called dying confessions of doomed felons. One had a drawing-board on his knees and was making a sketch in profile of Oakley.

"Hold that for thirty seconds more and I'm through, sir."

"Look sharp," said Tom, "and mind ye make no daub of me!"

The blue-jowled man came round, with a clanking of leg-irons, to stand behind Oakley's chair.

"The yer very image, Tom!" he exclaimed. He turned to the artist with a ferocious scowl. "Why couldn't ye have done as well by me?"

"I'll try again, Mr. Thorne, if ye'll be pleased to sit."

"Away with it, for I'll sit no more. Fork out the quids, ye shrimps. . . . Are they talkin' of us outside?" asked Thorne. "Does it look to be a big day?"

"That it does, sir," said one of the newsmen. "Every window across the way has been sold out long since. The best places have fetched as high as three guineas. If there's one there'll be twenty thousand in the streets moving this way, by six o'clock."

"Good! We'll give 'em a show, eh, Tom?"

"Will we not, Dirk? Will we not!" said Tom. "Hi, you at the door! Send in the waiter to clear away here, and if the newspapers have come, tell him to fetch 'em at once."

I nodded to the turnkey; he unlocked the heavy door, pushed it slightly ajar. "Visitor for Mr. Oakley," he called.

Shading his eyes with his hand, Tom peered in my direction; a moment later he had me by the shoulders as though trying to convince himself that I stood before him in the flesh. He searched my face with an anxious glance. "Hugh, it's no lie? You're here—still your own man?"

Please turn to page 19

Al Thomas is radio's Jack-of-all-trades

Al Thomas, whose voice is familiar to thousands of listeners as compere of "Over Here" from ZGB, used to be known as Al (Technicolor) Thomas. This was because of his unorthodox dressing.

Now this has been changed to Al (Jack-of-all-trades) Thomas, a tribute to his versatility as composer, crooner and comedian.

THREE hours after his arrival from Melbourne on a vacation, Al Thomas found himself rehearsing for "Over Here," the full-hour radio show, which is dedicated to all soldiers, sailors, women of the forces, and workers on the home front, who are "over here" defending Australia.

In his first appearance he had a small comedy spot, and sang one of his own compositions, "Zeke and His Jeep." This song marked the beginning of his reputation as a Jack-of-all-trades.

As Al Thomas himself says, "once you create a personality on the air, people expect you to be true to type, but in modern radio if you keep to the one personality your scope as far as work is concerned is limited."

And so, he set out to enlarge his field. The suggestion that he should compere the show came as a surprise. Despite the trickiness of the job, because of the timing of artists' entries and exits, and other technical details, he grasped the offer with both hands. His success was immediate. Now in his spare time he composes songs, and does any other odd job around the studio.

When "Zeke and His Jeep" first hit the air waves, musicians thought it a new American number. But he got the brainwave working in the American Army camp, where a tall, lanky Southerner called Zeke was always missing, but would always be found seated in his Jeep.

One of his other numbers, "I



BARITONE ROBERT PAYNE, who is regularly featured in "Over Here."

Spy," was accepted by a local publishing firm and sent to America, but apparently his masterpiece did not reach its destination.

His most recent contribution to the musical world is a semi-blues number entitled, "Rooftop Serenade." This will be heard in "Over Here," from ZGB on Friday, March 5. The inspiration for this song was found on the rooftop of his apartment, which, as he says, "goes to prove, that even a comedian has moods of romance."

"Over Here" is broadcast from ZGB at 9 o'clock every Friday night.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM ZGB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, February 24.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Revere. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 25.—Goodie Revere in "Frolics Memento."

FRIDAY, February 26.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Revere in "Genius of Melody and Thought."

SATURDAY, February 27.—Goodie Revere in "Melody Couplets."

SUNDAY, February 28.—"Roaming the Wide Range."

MONDAY, March 1.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, March 2.—"Musical Alphabet." Also ballet music.

New call-up affects leading actors

Cabled from Hollywood by VIOLA MACDONALD

THE new law drafting all men under thirty-eight who are not in essential war work will affect many male stars and presents a serious problem for the studios. Family men Fred MacMurray, John Wayne, Don Ameche, and Dennis Morgan are in this category.

Don Ameche has four husky sons, Donny, Ronnie, Tommy, and Lennie, ranging from ten to three years. You will remember that the fourth son arrived when Don was starring in "Four Sons." Thirty-six-year-old John Wayne is also "Father of Four," two sons and two daughters. Dennis Morgan, who is 32, has two children, and Fred MacMurray has an adopted daughter.

Bing Crosby, who is 39, escapes this call-up.

JOHN LODER, who is *Hedy Lamarr's* constant escort, gave me news of his 17-year-old son, who has left Eton and is now in the British Army.

A LONDON cable says that Australian film star Judy Kelly is helping with the gala premiere of the film, "To-Morrow We Live," in which she has a major role. This is a story of the French resistance against the Nazis. Judy is stepping from her screen role of collaborator of the Germans, to be in real life an ardent collaborator of the Fighting French, for whom the gala is being given.

DONNA REED marries her make-up man, Bill Tuttle, this week. She said: "It must be love if Bill is still able to face me after making me up every day for a year at six o'clock in the morning. Donna is happy over the role in Melvyn's "Man From Down Under," with Charles Laughton, in which she plays the part of a Belgian refugee who comes to Australia after the last war.

HEAR that the American soldier in England, and his adventures from the moment he steps down the gangplank, will be dramatised in a British film called "Can You Beat It?" The soldier will be played by Ben Lyon—who also wrote the script.

DEANNA DURBIN'S pretty stand-in, Betty Reinke, has just had a baby, and was very thrilled when Deanna offered to lend her own christening robe, and wired to Canada to have it sent down.

VIRGINIA WEIDLER'S sister contracted measles, so Virginia, who is, of course, quarantined, acts as nurse.

LATEST venture by Fox productions is "Stormy Weather," a snappy musical featuring an all-negro cast.

THE Warner Brothers have celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary, which is something of a record in Hollywood.

FOX STUDIOS intend producing Fred Hitchcock's topical story, "Lifeboat." Dramatic theme deals with Nazi and British survivors marooned in one boat.

NEWS of stars in the Service. Henry Fonda is trying for a job as quartermaster in the Navy. Tyrone Power has passed examinations entitling him to an officers' training school.

LUISE RAINER is making another attempt to break into films, and is co-starring with William Bendix in Paramount's "Hostages," which is an adaptation of a best-seller with a Nazi background. "I have been away from the screen for so long that I have to overcome my camera nervousness all over again," Luise said.



CORPORAL JEFFREY LYNN, on leave from the Army, dances at the Stork Club with pretty K. T. Stevens, who is appearing in a current Broadway show.

COVETED role in best-seller, "Mr. Skeffington," goes to **Bette Davis**. This is an ironic tale of a beauty who wakes up one morning to find herself middle-aged, and, to ensure against loneliness, she seeks to recapture her romantic past.

LESLIE HOWARD'S next production will be "Liberty Ship," which will be made in conjunction with Two Cities Films. It's the story of a ship built in the Rocky Mountains, shipped in pieces to the Pacific coast, and handed over to the British for re-assembly. She sails half-way round the world to make her rendezvous with a Russian convoy bound for Murmansk.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Freddie Bartholomew writes glowing accounts to his Aunt Millicent about life with the U.S. Army Air Corps. He was very disappointed when he failed in the eye-sight test, so doesn't make the grade as a pilot, but now his burning desire is to make good on the ground staff. "This is the first time that Freddie and his adoring aunt have been parted for 16 years.

Film Reviews

★★★ (plus) GONE WITH THE WIND

(Week's Best Release)

Vivian Leigh, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Leslie Howard. (Selznick-MGM.)

THIS is a welcome revival of an unforgettable film. "Gone With the Wind" is still breath-taking. Into the three and three-quarter hours of its screening is crammed a lifetime of emotion, and Margaret Mitchell's sensational best-seller simply comes to life before your eyes.

Vivian Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara is still a great screen treat, and Clark Gable is seen at his greatest in his portrayal of Rhett Butler.

It is a delight to witness again Olivia de Havilland's superb handling of the difficult role of Melanie and Leslie Howard's smooth performance as the dreamer, Ashley Wilkes.

Many great films have been made since "Gone With the Wind," but for flawless technique and masterly direction it is unsurpassed.—St. James; showing.

★★ SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR

Basil Rathbone, Evelyn Ankers. (Universal.)

A MODERNISED Sherlock Holmes story with suspense held at good level all through, and introducing a topical war-time theme.

Basil Rathbone does a grand job as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce makes a convincing Dr. Watson.

The venturesome pair are recruited by the British Inner War Council to smash a Nazi radio broadcast which terrorises the English populace.

Evelyn Ankers provides minor decoration.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ POLICE BULLETS

John Archer, Joan Marsh. (Monogram.)

GANGSTER story introducing some new police methods in crime detection.

The script deals with ruthless mobsters who prey on ignorant small businessmen. John Archer is an uninspired hero and receives indifferent support from Joan Marsh.—Civic; showing.

★ THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Leon Weaver, June Weaver. (Republic.)

A GOOD plot idea which misses the grade because of cheap production.

Leon and June Weaver do well in straight roles that are a far cry from their days in vaudeville, and Frank Weaver tries to provide laughs as a naive hicktown cop.

The theme is involved, with June masquerading as a crooked politician to trap a clever mobman (Dick Purcell) and almost getting caught in her own net.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

NORTH OF THE ROCKIES

Bill Elliott, Tex Ritter. (Columbia.)

BILL ELLIOTT and Tex Ritter in another gun blazing Western with smoking guns and stirring songs that may amuse the children, but is pretty dull fare for adults.

Frank Mitchell and Shirley Rogers struggle along in stodgy roles.—Civic; showing.

Botany Bay

Continued from page 15

I NODDED, and he seized my hand in both of his. "Lad! I couldn't rightly tell ye the comfort I take, knowin' that!" He turned to his companion. "Dirk Thorne, I'd make ye known to—But it's no matter for the name. He's my friend, the best I've got in the world."

"That's enough for me," said Thorne as he shook my hand. "In that case, ye'll have a word or two to say to each other, I shouldn't wonder. Step into the cell, why don't ye?"

"So we will: 'tis a good notion. If I'm asked for, Dirk, say my agent's come and I'm makin' my will."

The cell was furnished with a cot bed, a table and two chairs.

"We're livin' like a pair of nabobs, Thorne and me," said Oakley. "Food, ale, spirits, tobacco—there's naught denied us save the right to walk out, and that comes to-morrow. . . . Bless ye, Hugh! Sit ye down and talk fast, for there's the world and more I want to hear."

I told him all I knew of our little company that had escaped together from Botany Bay. And I told him of the chance I'd found to sail away from England's shores.

"Good go with you," said Tom heartily. "Hugh, if ever ye have word again of Dan and Nellie, say naught o' this Newgate finish. Tell 'em I was well and hearty when ye last saw me, and that'll be no lie neither."

He sat leaning forward in his chair, elbows on his knees, staring at the shackles on his feet; then he glanced up. "I can hear ye thinkin' it," he said. "Ye make the walls ring with it. 'Tom! Tom! Why, in heaven's name? Whatever ye've got back to it for?' 'Lad, we've better to speak of than what's

past mending, but I owe ye a word, and 'tis all that's needed: rhino."

"I couldn't stick the want of it, Hugh. I couldn't abide the layin' up of a sixpence with a shillin' like I said I would. Slow and sure and safe it might ha' been, but it wasn't my way. There's no cure for the old disease, easy come, easy go; that's the sum of it in a breath, and—well, here ye find me. Will that do, for a lame reason?"

The old merry look came into his eyes as he leaned back in his chair.

"That's done," he said. "Now we can talk, and ye'll not grudge me the right to set the tune, as ye might call it. D'ye recollect the bright cool morning just after we'd settled in at Blackwattle Bay, when yerself and Goodwin and me—"

And then Tom and I were abroad again and we tramped together along the shores of the lonely bays and coves of Port Jackson.

Presently Tom turned his head as the great bell above the prison chapel began to ring. All the prison rang with the mournful clangor; it seemed to grow in volume, rising in a sullen, viewless tide until, finding no outlet, it stood motionless, dead, like water in the bowels of the earth, filling every ward and cell and crack and cranny in Newgate gaol. Then came silence.

Oakley gave me a strange look. "What did ye give the keeper at the gate when ye come in?"

"Five guineas."

"Five guineas! Hugh, are ye made o' the stuff?"

I told him then that it was Nick Sabb's money, and how grieved the fat man was that he could not have come himself.

Tom suddenly stood up. "Hugh, what a fool ye are to come here!" he stormed at me. "Ye'll be in the next cell, and the next hanged, I'm thinking. And ye did it for me."

"I'm here, Tom, and the hurt's done, if hurt there is," I said. "I'd have it no other way."

He protested further, but I could see the comfort he took in seeing my familiar face, and soon he went back to his own affairs.

"They'd never have let ye see me like this afore chapel, without ye'd sweetened 'em to it," he said. "But five guineas is a lot."

"You're compelled to go?" I asked.

"To chapel? Would ye have me miss it? 'Tis part of the finish, and I'm no wind-broken crook to lag now. No, no! I'll make a good end, and the hanging chapel belongs to it."

At this moment the turnkey who had brought me here appeared at the barred window in the bell door.

"Mr. Oakley! The gentleman must come along now!"

"Aye, directly. . . . Will ye come back, Hugh, after service?"

"You wish me to?"

"What d'ye expect me to say, to that? No? But there'll be this about it—no more privacy. We'll be locked in the cells, the four of us, seein' company like the animals in the Tower Gardens."

"I'll come for all that."

"Mr. Oakley, there ain't but twenty minutes to chapel!" said the turnkey.

"Then why d'ye stand there? Show my friend out!"

The turnkey hastened on before me. "Beggin' pardon, sir, will ye go to service?"

"Yes," I replied, thinking that I'd be safer in a crowd than elsewhere.

"Then I'll take ye back along another road, and there'll be none the wiser as to where ye've been. This way, sir."

The turnkey halted at the juncture of two passages.

"I'll leave ye now, yer honor," he said. "For there's no more gates to pass. Take the passage to the right, bear straight on, and ye'll come out in the court under the chapel."

To be concluded

YOU'LL HEAR THE CLEAR CHALLENGING VOICES OF AUSTRALIA'S YOUTH DEBATING THE TOPICS OF THE DAY IN



H K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

G I J

F E D C B A

"The A to Z Musical Revue"

for Merry Saturday Night Entertainment

2GB 9:30 P.M. SATURDAYS



CORPORAL JIM KEARNS, R.A.A.F., and his bride, the former Marie Pither, of Katoomba, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral after their morning wedding.



SHEEPSKINS FOR RUSSIA. Wearing Russian costumes, in which they will attend Red Army Day celebrations, Nancy Lang, Katja and Yelena Efremoff, and Alenoushka Zephyroff, of Russian Medical Aid Committee, pose with sheepskins they have collected in Sheepskins for Russia Appeal.

On and off DUTY.



COMMITTEE FOR DANCE. Sheelagh Cassidy, Pat Murray, Marie Stuart Doyle, and Thea Hogg, members of the Social Committee of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, discuss plans for the "Dance of the Hours," to be held at the Barcroft on March 30 for the institution.

Heard Around TOWN

MRS. B. C. PERKINS, of Edgecliff, receives letter from daughter Dorothy (Mrs. R. Chatterton) now living in Lakes district in England.

Dorothy tells of fuel-saving devices planned by friends in adjoining flats, whereby meals can be cooked together to save double use of fuel.

Letter full of Dorothy's small daughter, Mary Ann. Godmothers are Mrs. Milner Gulland (formerly Nancy Bayin, of Sydney) and Muriel Rae, of Pot's Point.

IN less than three years the 8th Division Supply Column Social Club have raised over £1000 for their funds.

To raise further funds, committee headed by Mrs. W. Maskey, Mrs. G. Murray, and Mrs. V. Francis arranges musicale at History House. Afternoon is great success and committee hope to continue with musicales throughout the year.

Besides musicales they hold dance first Saturday in every month at the Burwood Masonic Hall.

AVONIA LAKE chooses this Saturday for her wedding to Bombardier Percie Rainford, A.I.F. They will be married at St. Philip's at 3.30.

Avonia is the younger daughter of late Lieutenant W. J. Lake, A.I.F., and of Mrs. B. H. Lake, of Vaucluse, and her fiancé is the eldest son of the late Mr. P. F. Rainford and of Mrs. G. Rainford, of Manly.

Bridesmaid is to be Dorothy Elkington, and best man is bridegroom's brother, Philip. Bride will be given away by Captain N. J. Rainford, A.I.F.

QUIET wedding in Maitland recently for L.A.C. Max Hopkins, R.A.A.P., and Joan Whitehouse. Joan, who has full-time war job, has few weeks off for honeymoon, then returns to job when Max leaves for action station.

Joan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Whitehouse, of Maitland, and Max is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hopkins, of Cronulla.



CAIRO WEDDING picture received by Mrs. R. McNiven, of Sydney, of Captain J. Victor Craig and his bride, of Sydney, after wedding at St. Andrew's Church.

ROMANTIC wedding in Cairo for Australian Sister Evelyn Jarman, who marries Captain J. Victor Craig, a doctor serving with British forces in Middle East.

Mrs. Craig, who is the only daughter of Mr. L. H. Jarman, of Nowra, trained at Sydney Hospital, and before the war went to England for further training. At outbreak of war she enlisted in Queen Alexandra Nursing Service, and while serving in Scotland met Captain Craig, who is the youngest son of Mr. F. W. Craig of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland.

Soon after their meeting, Sister Jarman was sent to Basra. She obtained permission and flew to Cairo, where Captain Craig was stationed, and they were later married there.

Bride's gown was ivory lace over satin, and was made for her in Basra by orphan children in a convent there.

SQUARE solitaire diamond set in platinum for Ethne Johns, who announces her engagement to John Davies.

Ethne is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Johns, of Orange, and John, who is with the A.I.F. "somewhere in Australia," is the only son of Mrs. N. R. Davies, of Emerald Hill, Binalong.



C.U.S.A. CANTEEN. Mrs. A. Kimber (left), Miss Molly Rosenfeld, and Miss Mary Cochran roast a whole lamb every Tuesday at the C.U.S.A. Hut, and are here seen preparing roast dinner for servicemen.



PRESS CUTTING. Keeping Press cuttings is voluntary job in Red Cross Office done by Gwenneth Stock. Here she shows work to Mr. Arthur Goodall, hon. director of Red Cross Camp Services.

ROBIN MARLENE are unusual names chosen by Lieut. and Mrs. A. N. Moodie for their new daughter, born recently at Delaware Private Hospital.

Mrs. Moodie is well known in music world as Kathleen Duggan, the pianist and composer.

FIRST birthday of Three Services Younger Set is celebrated at Y.W.C.A. with Lady Reading, who began Younger Set 12 months ago, as guest of honor.

Y.W.C.A. president, Lady Butters, cut birthday cake because party day is her birthday, too.

Younger Set is composed of wives, sisters, and friends of three fighting Services, and has membership of 1937, which includes service-women, munitions workers, stenographers, nurses.

Betty



FORMER CHIEF SECRETARY WEDS. Mr. A. U. Tonking, ex-M.L.A., and former Chief Secretary of N.S.W., and his bride after their wedding at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. Mrs. Tonking was formerly Joan Bowen, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bowen, of Double Bay.

LITTLE DRESSES

...of dramatic quality



● Simple-draped frock of crepe achieves a dramatic effect by its brilliant cerise hue. Neckline is flattering and the three-quarter-length sleeves are practical and attractive. It would be suitable for a party, and could be an all-purpose frock next season if dyed black. (Above left.)

● Ink-purple silk frock, which also depends chiefly on its color for its festive air. Simply cut with wide revers and trim, belted waistline, it is given distinction by pocket and collar embroidery, which the clever girl could work herself. (Above right.)

● Graceful model in cigar-brown crepe has a shoulder-wide, circular collar in beige-pink. The long bodice with its fitted waistline and small flounce flatters the tall, slim figure. (Left.)

SPLENDID NEW PATTERN SERVICE

From leading
London
designers



• A TYPICAL English suit, designed by Matita in beige tweed boldly overchecked in nigger-brown. The slender skirt is tailored to a T and the hipped-in jacket features high revers, and collar, pocket flaps, and buttons are done in nigger-brown.

★
By
Air Mail
from London



• DORVILLE'S all-occasion model in sage-blue rayon and wool mixture. Skirt has two box pleats back and front.

• SPORTY MODEL in soft brown wool with large inverted pleat back and front of the skirt and shirt-type bodice relieved by shoulder pleats. Enormous patch hip pockets flapped over the self-material belt make a handbag unnecessary.

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC
THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



• Next week The Australian Women's Weekly will present a special pattern service which will enable any woman to make at home an exact copy of models designed by the world's greatest fashion creators.

THESE patterns are sponsored by the British Board of Trade. They were cut from models designed by Molyneux, Worth, Digby Morton, Victor Stiebel, and other famous stylists. They are the answer to every woman's wish to keep well-dressed, while being as thrifty as possible with fabrics, money, coupons, and time.

The British Board of Trade enlisted the aid of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers to create these simple but smart styles that could be copied by London manufacturers.

The Australian Women's Weekly secured sets of three master patterns from the British Board of Trade, had them airmailed to Australia, and is now making the patterns available to readers at a very low cost.

All the styles are simple and conform to the restrictions on wartime dressing.

In England, they have been hailed with delight. Formerly, only the rich could afford to dress in models from the great fashion houses. The present mass production of frocks and suits bearing the hall-mark of their good taste in every line has put fashion on to a new democratic basis.

Couturiers themselves are delighted with the scheme, as they say that it will help to make the Englishwoman much more conscious of form and line in her clothes.

"Highway Colors" are the British Color Council's choice of shades for 1943. According to the experts, the lovely names—Sky-Green, Vagabond, Action Red, Caravan, Gorse, Millpond-Blue, and Brickdust among them—reflect the scene on a typical British Highway.

Wartime wardrobes, ruled by coupon values, have been carefully considered and colors have been chosen to combine happily with the leading shades of previous seasons, though, of course, the range has had to be curtailed with a view to the greatest possible economy in the dye-stuffs used.

There are none of the frills and furbelows and garnishings that characterised pre-war fashion, but in their place a fine new breed of clothes that feature a tailored slowness and an elegant simplicity that is infinitely more appealing than any amount of studied glamor.

The Board of Trade clothes have a youthful charm and a new look of pulse and preparedness—they are timeless, adaptable styles that fit into any background.

Captain Molyneux, Chairman of the Designers' Committee, is an enthusiastic supporter of the democratic principle in fashion. He says: "The very best, once it is offered sufficiently widely and cheaply, will prevail over less high standards, and widen the field of taste—the couturier's taste—for those working women who, after all, are almost all women—to-day."

Watch for the first of the series in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Make Extra Money At Home—Easily ★ Learn ★ GLOVE MAKING



YOU can quickly earn extra money regularly, by making hand-made gloves for use in your own home. Gloves can no longer be imported into Australia—they must be made here. We need more workers. Will you help in your spare hours? No experience needed—no coupons required. Distance no object. Outfit with materials FREE and a ready market for your work is GUARANTEED with us by our MARKETING BOND. We pay forwarding charges on all gloves supplied. Get busy. This is your chance to make extra money quickly and easily.

Write today for full particulars of this simple glove-making for extra money and Special 1943 Offer.
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At the first sign of soreness between the toes apply IODEX. It will quickly check infection and soothe and heal the damaged tissues. In serious cases see your doctor promptly.



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FROM THE MAKERS OF

FLY-TOX

Because of the needs of our Fighting Forces, there will be a much reduced supply of Fly-Tox available for civilian needs this summer.

Because of its extra strength, Fly-Tox can be used economically when you are able to get it, but, in view of the short supply, householders are urged to make more than ordinary efforts to check the breeding of insects. Cover all garbage or manure heaps round your home, and spray all still water surfaces with oil or kerosene.

Flies and mosquitoes spread disease; do your bit to protect the health of the community.

"The Spray that kills 'em dead"

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupons.

Fashion PATTERNS

F179



F179.—Young - making frock with front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 36 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3231



F3341



F3341.—Smart style for not-so-slims, gathered into a front panel. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4½ yds., with bracelet-length sleeves. 4½ yds., with short sleeves. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1831.—Sophisticated style with interesting neckline treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1804.—Flattering frock with smart yoke and tucked front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1804



Fashion frock service



Special Concession Pattern

Pattern Available for one month only from date of issue.

SMART STYLES FOR SMALL BOYS

Sizes: 1 to 2, 2 to 4, 4 to 6 years.

- No. 1: Requires 1½ yd. for trousers, and 1½ yds. for shirt, 36ins. wide.
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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.
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NAME
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"MILICENT" IS COOL STYLE IN EYELET LINENE

THIS appealing little frock with its crisp, white yoke is featured in eyelet linene that looks as fragile yet wears like iron.

Lovely shades are green, lemon, pink, pale blue, deep blue, and white.

If you prefer you can obtain "MILICENT" without the white yoke, but please state clearly in application.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, ready to wear 39/41 (13 cups); cut out only, 36" (13 cups).
Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, ready to wear 42/44 (15 cups); cut out only, 42" (15 cups).
Postage, 1/6 extra.

How to obtain "MILICENT": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3499, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given below. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

Needlework Notions



POINSETTIA TRAYCLOTH AND COSY

THE traycloth, measuring 18 x 12, comes in good quality organdie in shades of lemon, green, pink, and blue. The attractive corner motif traced for embroidery can be worked in either satin or stem-stitch. The fancy edge is button-holed all around in the same brilliant color as the corner flower, then cut to shape. The organdie cosy measures 13 x 10 and has a centre motif and edge to match the cloth. Ask for No. 325.

Complete set, 5/6 plus 6d. postage. Individually, traycloth 3/6, cosy 3/- Postage 3d. extra.

DARLING FROCK

FEATURING a small Peter Pan collar, short, puffed sleeves, shaped yoke and full skirt, this sweet little frock (shown left) is available in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of white, pale pink, and pale blue. A dainty floral motif decorates front of skirt, to be embroidered in pastel shades. To fit babies up to 12 months old.

Traced ready to cut out and sew: Infants, 7/11 (4 coupons); 6 months, 8/3 (4 coupons); and 12 months, 8/11 (4 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4. Please quote No. F332.

F332



CHIC BED-JACKET

JUST the thing for lazy mornings in bed. This jacket can be had in lovely satin in shades of pale blue, salmon-pink, magnolia, and white. With short, puffed sleeves, extended shoulders, and gathered yoke it features an attractive embroidery motif at the waist.

Available in sizes 32 to 36 bust, ready to cut out and sew.

Size 32, 15/11; 34 and 36, 16/6 (plus 6 coupons). Postage 9d. extra.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4. Please quote No. F335.

F335



F1457.—Tailored pyjama and charming dressing-gown for young things 4 to 16 years. Requires 3½ yds. for jama, and 3 yds. for gown, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexell, III,
is a vivid black-haired beauty with that
rare ivory skin. She says, "Pond's Two
Creams keep my skin divinely smooth."



Stars of America's Social Register choose **POND'S CREAMS**

Follow these two steps faithfully, day by day, and your own mirror will soon show you why the lovely women of America's leading families follow the Pond's Beauty Ritual.

ONE . . . smooth satin-soft Pond's Cold Cream on face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Pat, pat, pat it in with quick little upward pats, to soften and release dust and stale make-up. Wipe off, and your skin looks fresh as rain, feels soft as a baby's.

TWO . . . smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. This pearly-looking cream gives a magnolia-petal finish that holds powder for hours.

Mrs. EUGENE DU PONT, III.



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Mrs. Betsy Cushing Roosevelt,
whose cameo-like beauty makes her a decorative member of New York
Society. "I am enthusiastic about Pond's Cream," she says.

Mrs. Eugene Du Pont, III,
belongs to a great American family. Loveliness of Du Pont women is a
tradition, and this charming member of the present generation daily gives
her exquisite skin Pond's beauty care.



Pond's Two Creams are
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tubs—also in tubes for
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hint—buy the large jar,
containing approximately
3½ times as much as
the small jar.



PROTECT your hands with soap.



TREAT your hair often.



CREAM FACE before weekly wash.



HEAVY ironing affects the hands, but you can counteract stiffness with simple exercises. (See story.)

Busy housewives . . . prettier each day



EAT ONE OR TWO raw carrots every day. They will brighten your eyes, put a gloss in your hair, and bring roses to your cheeks. All raw vegetables are good for the looks. (See story.)

● Mary Rose tells you how to let your housework combine with beauty treatment and make light work with both.

HERE are lots of little tricks you can incorporate into the daily routine with practically no effort, but with magical results. Here are some:

When you are going to dust, polish, or house-clean, tie up your hair in a cotton turban (dust will darken it), and protect your skin with a foundation lotion.

Protect your hands by putting on a pair of invisible gloves—our new soap gloves! Wet a piece of soap and, like the girl in the picture, rub it over the hands, backs and palms, until they are covered with a thin film of soap. Be sure not to forget your nails and cuticles in this process, because they are the greatest grime collectors of all.

Before coping with the week's wash cream your face and the steam will give you a beauty treatment instead of opening your pores and leaving them wide open.

Rub vaseline or a piece of beef suet well into the hands and nails, and the hot, soapy water will do no harm to your hands. After the wash is finished take time off for a good hand-creaming and a ten-minute manicure.

When all your cooking is finished take down your hair, and, soaking a pad of cotton-wool in bay rum or a spirit hair tonic, rub it down a series of partings until the whole head has been covered. This removes all dried perspiration, freshens the scalp, and prevents the hair from becoming lank or oily.

Counteracts oiliness

THIS treatment, given three times a week, counteracts any tendency to oiliness.

Other tips for oily hair: (1) Shampoo once a week; (2) Brush in the morning rather than at night; and (3) Go without a hat as often as possible; fresh air is the best tonic.

Before making that salad for the family, eat one nicely-scrubbed carrot yourself, chewing it slowly and thoroughly.

Aim at having a raw vegetable

salad every day in the week. Cauliflower in small's prigs, chopped cabbage heart, grated carrot, turnip, and sliced vegetable marrow, and a little chopped onion make a delicious vitamin-rich and really skin-clearing salad.

Ironing stretches the hands and makes them stiff and tired. You can counteract this and keep your hands in good shape if, after ironing is done, you do a few hand exercises. Put hands together in a prayerful attitude, as in the picture, then push the left hand back with the right, keeping left wrist firm. Repeat with other hand.

Sewing is harder on the eyes than you think, so for beauty's sake—for their sake—you should care for them faithfully and well.

Your eyes will stay large and

bright if, after an evening's or afternoon's sewing, you do a few eye exercises. Look at your finger held an inch from your nose, then look into the distance. Blink the eyes twenty times, lifting the lids as if they were heavily weighted. Keeping your head still, dart the eyes about the room, then sweep them round in a wide circle.

Now bathe the eyes with a strengthening eye lotion, cup the palms of your hands over your eyes, and relax for ten minutes.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR
AND KNITWEAR

FEEDING DIFFICULTIES

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

OFTEN a young and inexperienced mother suffers many anxious moments because her new-born babe absolutely refuses to suck and take its food.

There are reasons why this happens, and mothers should seek immediate advice.

A leaflet containing helpful advice has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



ON PARADE . . .

. . . Never was pride and prestige more vital! And because she realises that only ESPECIALLY TEAMED components to loveliness really complement her individual charm and personality

HER CHOICE IS . . .

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Obtainable exclusive Stores and Chemists.



PRIZE RECIPES

● Homemakers will welcome these. They are reasonable, sensible, inexpensive.

HAVE you entered our best recipe competition? Do! Cash prizes are given away every week for good, kitchen-tested recipes.

To Miss Auchinleck-Ross, of Armidale, goes first prize this week for her timely rice substitute—pearl barley pie. It's a savory dish, and we suggest you serve it as a vegetable entrée.

Kentucky Corn Patties sent in by Mrs. Farrell will be another recipe to add to your book. Corn is plentiful and inexpensive.

The country readers will, no doubt, be interested to have the full particulars for drying beans, sent in by Mrs. Seiler, of Victoria.

PEARL BARLEY PIE

Soak 8oz. pearl barley for 2 hours in 1 quart of water. Stew half a small onion, finely-chopped, for 5 minutes in a little butter. Add 1lb. of tomatoes, skinned and sliced, 1 teaspoon of finely-chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Stew for 10 minutes. Place the barley and water in a double saucepan and cook for 1 hour.

Mix all together, place in a greased dish, and bake in a moderate oven from 1 to 1 1/2 hours. About 10 minutes before serving, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Auchinleck-Ross, 144 Barney St., Armidale, N.S.W.

KENTUCKY CORN PATTIES

Two cups corn pulp, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper.

Grate the corn from the cob until you have two full cups. Add milk and cook for twenty minutes in a double boiler. Add butter, cheese, salt, pepper, and well-beaten egg. Mix well.

When cold, form into squares one inch thick and two inches square. Dip these into bread-crumbs, beaten egg, and then into crumbs again, and bake in hot oven until golden brown. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. L. Farrell, 23 Arthur St., Concord, N.S.W.

HAM AND CHEESE PIE

One cup sliced ham, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup sliced cooked carrot, 1 cup sliced cooked potato, 8oz. cheese pastry, 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Cheese Pastry: 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. fat, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons water.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in the butter or fat until free from lumps. Add the cheese, and mix in a dry dough with egg-yolk and water. Line an 8in. sandwich tin or tart plate with half the pastry, and arrange carrots, potatoes, and ham in three layers.

Pour over the sauce flavored with pepper, and cover with the remainder of the pastry. Glaze with egg or milk, and prick to allow steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce to a moderate heat, and bake for a further 20 minutes. Delicious hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Hall, care D. Grant, Borah, Manilla, N.S.W.



BRIGHT IDEA for the family luncheon or tea: vegetable cassollettes with salad garnishes. This dish can be prepared in the early morning—a fact that war-workers may appreciate. See recipe below.

HOW TO DRY BEANS

I am sure that many housewives would be glad to know how to dry beans.

First condition: Use only young beans. Wash them, cut both ends off, and put in boiling water. Boil for about five minutes. Now cut bean lengthwise in halves, but don't cut right through one of the ends. Put each bean over a string like a peg and let dry.

Fix up your strings in the hottest indoor place you have. A garage with an iron roof is ideal. Be sure you get two hot days in succession! Beans dried like this in the shade are much nicer than out in the sunshine. When you want to use them in the winter soak them in cold water overnight and then cook them the usual way. They have a different flavor from fresh beans, but many people like them better dried than fresh. They are certainly a wholesome, rich winter food (dehydrated food).

I have had my dried beans every winter now for many years. Last winter, when vegetables were so scarce and expensive, I was able to serve them frequently.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Seiler, 3 Woodlands Grove, Oakleigh SE12, Vic.

PASSIONFRUIT PUDDING

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 6oz. flour, small teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, juice and pulp of 6 passionfruit, squeeze lemon juice, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, separate whites from yolks of eggs, halve passionfruit, remove pulp, taking the hard, pithy part away, add yolks of eggs to creamed butter and sugar, then milk, gradually, half the flour and baking powder (already sifted), then passionfruit and lemon juice, then remainder of flour and, lastly, stiffly-beaten whites, stirring them in as lightly as possible. Put mixture into well-greased mould, cover with greased paper, and steam 1 1/2 hours. Serve with sweet sauce or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Margaret Marshall, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

MOCK INDIAN PUDDING

(No fruit in this American sweet, but it is very nourishing and easy to make)

Five thick slices of whole-wheat bread, butter, 3/4 cups milk, 1 cup treacle or golden syrup.

Remove crusts from bread, spread generously with butter, arrange in a baking-dish, and pour over 3 cups milk and the golden syrup or treacle. Bake 2 to 3 hours in a slow oven. Stir three times during the first hour of baking, then add remaining milk. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Thomas, 197 Pell St., Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

HONEY BRAN COOKIES

Cream 4oz. butter with 4oz. sugar, add 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon warmed honey, then 6oz. self-raising wholemeal flour, 3oz. bran, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, ground ginger, mixed spice (all sifted together). Mix well, turn onto board well floured with wholemeal flour. Roll fairly thin, cut to shape, brush with milk. Put half blanched almond on each. Bake on greased oven slides in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Seal tin to make airtight before sending away.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Williams, 5 Albert St., Caulfield, Vic.

CHEESE SAOS

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 3oz. butter, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, a little water to mix.

Rub butter into flour, add salt and pepper, mix in cheese, add egg and enough water to form a firm dough, roll out as thinly as possible, cut into squares, put into a floured dish, and bake till brown and crisp.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Della, Mount George, N.S.W.

NUT MEAT CUTLETS

Two ounces butter, pinch salt, 2oz. plain flour, parsley, 1lb. nuts, thyme, 1/2 cups milk, medium-sized onion.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Mix in the flour, add milk (hot), then add parsley, thyme, onion, and nuts (cut up in small pieces). Mix all together well, turn out onto a plate to set, press down to about an inch thick. When quite cold cut in pieces, dip in egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown. Nice with thin brown gravy or tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. O. Umfreville, Kanooka, via Sandfly, Tas.

BUTTERSCOTCH DELIGHT

Three eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup brown sugar, vanilla, 1 1/2 cups milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add flour, stir, then egg-yolks, and beat well. Gradually add milk, stirring all the time, then vanilla, and lastly stir in well-beaten egg-whites. Bake 1 to 1 1/2 hours in moderate oven. Cook in pldish, in another dish of water. Serves six people.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. B. Parkes, c/o Mrs. T. Pether, Farm 1257, Griffith, N.S.W.

MIXED VEGETABLES IN CHEESE CASSOLETTES (illustrated above)

Six ounces cheese pastry, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup cooked diced carrot, 1 cup white sauce, chopped parsley, 1 cup finely-shredded lettuce, 1 teaspoon sautéed onion or eschalot, mustard, salt, and cayenne.

Flavor the white sauce with the salt, mustard and cayenne. Add the peas, carrot, onion, and lettuce. Pile into the prepared pastry cases. Sprinkle with parsley, and chill before serving.

Cheese Pastry Cases: 6ozs. flour, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, pinch cayenne, 3oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, little cold water.

Sift flour, salt, cayenne, and baking powder, rub in the butter, then add the finely-grated cheese. Mix to a dry dough with the egg-yolk and water. Turn onto a lightly-floured board, knead, and roll thinly. Cut into rounds to fit small patty tins, and cook in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

AUSSIE DUMPLINGS

Stew some apricots, peaches or plums, trying to keep them whole. Make a shortcrust and roll out and cut into rounds. On each put a piece of fruit and a sprinkling of sugar, and close the pastry over the fruit very securely. Cook the dumplings in boiling water for five minutes. Have ready some bread-crumbs crisped in the oven. When the dumplings have been well drained, roll them in the crumbs and finish cooking in the oven for a few minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney, N.S.W.





Here's a fine dinner!

AT left is pictured a dinner that was prepared in our model kitchen. The dish in the centre is called mock squabs. It is certainly good to eat, and is not expensive. The dessert, caramel mould with honeyed fruits, is as delicious as it looks. Both recipes are given hereunder.

MOULDED FISH SALAD

One and half cups flaked fish, 1 cup diced cucumber, salt and cayenne, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon finely-minced onion, sliced radish, lettuce, mayonnaise, lemon cups, chili strips, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup fish stock.

Soak the gelatine in cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Add the vinegar, sugar and stock. Chill, and set a layer in the bottom of a wetted mould. Decorate with sliced radish. Combine the fish with the diced cucumber and 1 tablespoon mayonnaise. Season with salt and cayenne, and add the remainder of the gelatine mixture.

Pour into the mould and chill until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce leaves, and garnish with radish roses. Serve with mayonnaise in lemon cups, garnished with chili strips.

SUNNY SURPRISE

One pint pineapple jelly, 1 jar cream, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 1 pint boiled custard, 1 cup fruit salad (without pineapple), 2 tablespoons cold water.

Soften the gelatine and dissolve in the water. Add to the custard and cream, mixing well. Set half this custard in the bottom of a wetted mould. When set, pour on half the pineapple jelly and allow it to become quite firm. Scoop out the centre. Mix the jelly with the fruit salad and replace in the mould. Cover with the remainder of the custard and chill until firm. Unmould and serve with chopped pineapple jelly.

DEVON SALAD ROLLS

Half-pound thinly-sliced Devon sausage, 1 cup diced cooked new potato, 1 teaspoon minced eschalo, 3 tablespoons thick mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 cup diced celery, made mustard, gherkins, lettuce, cucumber.

To the new potatoes add the eschalo, made mustard and celery and bind with mayonnaise. Remove the rind from the Devon sausage and spread with chutney. Place a spoonful of potato mayonnaise on each and roll up. Secure each roll with a wooden pick topped with a gherkin. Chill and serve with lettuce and marinated cucumber.

PARADISE TART

Four ounces biscuit pastry, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 passionfruit, rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 teaspoon gelatine.

Make the pastry and line a deep tart plate or sandwich tin. Beat the eggs and add the sugar, and thoroughly mix in the milk. Glaze the pastry with a little egg-white and pour in the custard. Cook 10 minutes in a hot oven, then a further 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Allow to cool. Remove the pulp from the passionfruit and add the orange juice and the dissolved gelatine. When commencing to set, pour over the custard surface and chill until firm.

PINEAPPLE FOAM PIE

One baked pastry case (biscuit pastry), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 teaspoons gelatine.

Line a tart plate with pastry, pinch the edges and glaze and prick the bottom to prevent rising. Bake in a moderately hot oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool. Combine the pineapple, butter, egg-yolks, and half sugar, and stir over a low gas until boiling.

Summer gently 10 minutes. Soften the gelatine in a little cold water, and dissolve over boiling water. When the pineapple has cooled add the gelatine and lemon juice, and allow to become almost set. Stiffly beat the egg-whites and add the remainder of the sugar. Fold into the partly-set pineapple and chill until firm. Pile into the cooled, baked pastry case, and serve with whipped cream.

Appetising dinner dishes

WHEN the temperature rises, and the appetite is jaded, the call is for light refreshing menus that will tempt the eye as well as the palate.

A crisp, cool salad, accompanying a savory grill will always be welcome. Follow up with a chilled sweet.

If the first course choice is a savory moulded salad you'll find the biscuit-based tart suggestion an ideal partner.

Remember, when adding gelatine to the sweets to be sure it is thoroughly dissolved and never add when the custard mixture is hot. Soaking for half an hour in cold water is your best tip before heating over boiling water. If a refrigerator is used, a little less gelatine is required.

MOCK SQUABS

One and half pounds thin veal steak, 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon herbs, 1 tablespoon good stock or milk, pepper and salt, 1 lb. bacon rashers.

Trim veal and cut into six portions. Combine 1 cup crumbs, celery, onion, herbs, and melted butter and season. Shape the seasoning moistening further with

● These carefully selected and tested recipes are presented with the idea of helping you solve the daily dinner problem. We know you will appreciate them.

By our Cookery Expert

CARAMEL MOULD WITH HONEYED FRUITS

One pint milk, 2 eggs (separated), 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, fresh fruits, 2 tablespoons honey, lemon juice.

Soften the gelatine with 2 tablespoons of cold water. Add the remaining tablespoon of water to the sugar and stir over a low gas until the sugar dissolves. Continue cooking until it changes to a light amber color. Add the milk and stir to dissolve the caramel. Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk and add the egg-yolk.

Combine with the caramelised

milk or stock (if necessary) into six rolls and wrap a piece of veal around each. Brush with milk and roll in crumbs. Skewer a piece of bacon around each. Place on rack in baking-dish, cover carefully with greased paper and cook the sliced potatoes in the fat underneath. Allow 1 hour in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.).

Sauteed Fruits: Select fruits in season, cut in halves or slices, and toss over a low gas in the honey and lemon juice.

MARSHMALLOW DELIGHT

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, rind of 1 lemon, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, pink coloring, chopped nuts, 2 egg-whites.

Peel the rind from the lemon and place in a saucepan with the water and sugar. Heat until boiling and simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Strain. Dissolve the gelatine in this liquid and cool slightly. Stiffly beat the egg-whites, and add the liquid gradually. Beat as for flummery. Color half a pale pink and pile into a serving-dish in alternate spoonfuls. Sprinkle the top with chopped nuts.

WEDGED LETTUCE SALAD

Two hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped gherkins, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt and cayenne, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, tomato wedges, 1 cup diced tongue, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire or chili sauce, 2 lettuce, watercress.

Mince the eggs and combine with the tongue, onion, gherkins, salt, cayenne, and sauce. Moisten with mayonnaise. Prepare the lettuce by soaking in cold water. Drain carefully. Remove the untidy outer leaves and with a sharp knife remove the heart from each lettuce. Stuff the cavities with the tongue mixture. Place in the refrigerator and allow to chill thoroughly. Shred the heart of the lettuce and arrange on a salad plate. Moisten with mayonnaise. Remove the lettuce from the refrigerator and cut into four wedges.

Arrange these on the bed of shredded lettuce and garnish with tomato wedges and watercress.

PINEAPPLE JELLY

Take the rind of the pineapple, which otherwise would be thrown away, place in a saucepan and cover well with 1 1/2 pints of water. Bring to the boil and simmer gently until the skin is soft. Strain through a sieve or colander, squeezing well. Strain again through muslin to ensure the jelly being clear. Measure and allow 1 teaspoon gelatine to each cup of liquid. Soften the gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in the liquid and sweeten to taste. Pour into wetted moulds and chill until firm.

BACK UP YOUR WAR EFFORT



LAY-BY FOR THE FUTURE

The future is always uncertain—in wartime it is even more difficult to plan for.

But we all can, and should, lay by a little of our earnings in the form of War Savings Certificates.

This will help us eventually as individuals, but more important still, it helps us NOW as a people to preserve our freedom and our homes, so—

to-day we ask you to take care of your

FELTEX

AND BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Why I
switched to
Meds

—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern internal way. So I certainly was delighted when the makers of Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 1/8 a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



ONLY 1/8

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Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Gay gardens this autumn

● Our Home Gardener tells you how to treat dahlias and chrysanthemums for spectacular show.

NOT all gardeners practise cutting-back of early-sown dahlias. But in the warm parts of the country it can be done on a modified scale—now.

When the plants have passed their best and are beginning to look a bit spent and spindly, cut them back to within 3 ft. of the ground. Then mulch lightly all round with fowl manure and water well.

In a few days' time new growths will appear from the old leaf axils, and possibly a few new shoots from the ground. These should be thinned out carefully—only the best retained.

A top-dressing of well-moistened superphosphate may be applied after the ground has been well saturated. Resultant new growths should be tied to the stakes as before, and kept growing vigorously.

Disbudding must be practised more rigidly with second growth than with the first crop, for the object will be to obtain a few flowers of good size and superlative quality. Liquid manure should be applied regularly until buds start to swell.

Do regularly with sulphur or equal parts of sulphur and hydrated lime for control of red spider. This also wards off mildew.

Look to your chrysanthemums

CHRYSANTEMUMS should be tied to stakes early or they soon develop swan-necks and become difficult to train. All lateral growths should be removed as soon as they appear, allowing only shoots intended for flowers to remain.

Two forms of buds appear on the chrysanthemum at this time of the year—crowns and terminals. Crown-buds appear first, never coming with other flower buds, and they are provided with lateral growths which, if permitted to remain, will continue growth and produce terminal buds later.

Terminal buds appear in clusters and are never accompanied by lateral growths. If a crown-bud is to be saved, remove lateral growths. If a terminal is to be saved, remove crown-bud and allow one, two or three lateral growths to remain.

Clusters of buds will then appear a few weeks later and the gardener will notice that the largest of these will be at the top or apex of the bunch. If this is of good shape, the others can be pinched out between the forefinger and thumb.



BECAUSE they make a fine show in garden and home, chrysanthemums are worth all your care.

Imperfect buds should be removed and the best of the terminal buds allowed to develop.

If feeding with liquid manure, apply in weak solution, as much harm can be done to chrysanthemums by strong applications. Let the color and substance of the leaves be your guide.

When leaves are dark colored and brittle the plants have reached a stage when artificial feeding should cease. Over-large, sappy, light-colored foliage usually indicates the presence of too much nitrogen in the plant food, and possible allergy to mildew.

In this case the application of some superphosphate or lime will definitely remedy matters, but even lime should be applied lightly and with reason.

The worst pests of the chrysanthemum at this time of the year, and right up to flowering time, are black aphids and caterpillars. Aphids can be killed by dusting with tobacco dust, and most leaf eaters controlled by spraying the foliage with lead arsenate.

HE waited—a scream rising from his stomach to end a faint croak in his throat.

The hands of the little clock passed on to 25 past one before he calmed himself. Perhaps it was fast. A glance at his watch confirmed the clock. The thing hadn't gone off. It hadn't gone off.

The sudden banging of the office door jerked his head round and he saw Sam West bustling towards him.

"What's up, Ibbetts. No desire to see our piffing little launch, eh?"

The voice had a hostile quality which disappeared as he caught Ibbetts by the elbow.

"Come on, Ibbetts," an embarrassed little cough. "No good worrying about it, you know. Come and watch the launch—take your mind off things. We've still got three minutes."

Ibbetts allowed himself to be led out of the shop towards the building berths.

And then it happened.

A blinding flash of violet light erupted from under the ship, lifting blocks, frames, and plates in tangled confusion.

A rushing wind in his ears, and something heavy smashing into his shoulder was all he remembered. He saw nothing of the smashing descent of heavy steel frames, the mutilated bodies, the screaming confusion.

He awoke in the quiet serenity of a hospital and lay staring at the white ceiling while events shaped themselves in his aching head. He sat up, frantic. Had he talked while unconscious—babbled about his part. He lay back again. There was no policeman at his bed, anyway.

He hadn't babbled. They treated him as an ordinary case of concussion and let him home in a few days with a warning to take care of himself.

Three weeks later the reverberations of the explosion were still echoing round Australia.

In common with the other yard workers, Ibbetts was closely questioned by grim young men with

hard faces and disarming manners. He managed to conceal any nervousness he felt at these interviews. No, he had seen nothing suspicious before the launching. No, he could not think of anyone likely to do a thing like this.

His bandaged head was his best alibi, and the well-mannered young man did not seem inclined to single him out from his fellows.

There was no reason, therefore, why he should have felt so jumpy when they sent for him the third time. Jock had been interviewed four times, and seemed to welcome it as a pleasant interlude from work. His nervousness increased when he entered the office and saw West there.

Previously the grim young man had been alone, but this time, in addition to West, there were several men standing about.

All turned accusing eyes on him as he entered, but no one spoke for several seconds. The dandified young man at the desk moved a paperweight from one bundle of papers to another, leaned back, and addressed him quite cheerfully.

"Mr. Ibbetts," a slight pause, "would you mind telling us where you obtained that highly-efficient time-bomb?"

Ibbetts was staggered and showed it.

"Time-bomb—I—time-bomb?" He floundered and recovered. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I think you do, Mr. Ibbetts. We have good reason to believe you were responsible for that little outburst three weeks ago."

Ibbetts desperately pulled himself together. They were bluffing, and he had bluffed policemen before.

"I'm afraid I don't quite see what you mean. I mean—I've got no way—I know nothing of time-bombs."

A man in a grey coat broke in. "We're not suggesting you do, Ibbetts—other than how to bury them."

"Bury them! Bury them!" Some indignation would be appropriate. "What are you blokes suggesting. Why I was hurt by the thing myself."

Saboteur

Continued from page 2

"We are inclined to think that the bomb went off a little late. Mr. Ibbetts," said the young man at the desk. "Isn't that so?"

"No need to carry this comedy business further, Ibbetts." The heavy man waved his hand at Sam West.

"Well, Mr. Gawick," said West. "I was in the carpenters' shop just before the explosion. I was in the office and saw Ibbetts come in. I watched him for some time. He was staring at one of the lockers—very white and shaken—arms twitching. He was undoubtedly very worried."

"Of course I was worried, you fool. My wife was ill—dangerously ill. Ibbetts turned to the young man at the desk. I told him about it that day. He even sympathised with me—told me it wouldn't do any good to worry over it."

"That's all very true," West was obviously anxious to carry on with his story. "In fact, I put it down to that at the time. But—that scene has been in my mind for the past three weeks. There was something wrong, but I couldn't just say what—the picture wouldn't come right. And then last night I got it."

"Got what?" sneered Ibbetts. "The picture of you in front of that alarm clock. Ibbetts, you were standing there, worried, nervous, as white as a sheet—with your fingers in your ears."

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There's no substitute
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THE ATTRACTIVE LAMPSHADE pictured above was made from parts of a silken dance-frock. The only cost was for braid. Lace or ribbon, or strips of velvet from a discarded evening-gown could be used for trimming, and so give new life to your lamp at no cost.

● Here's one way of brightening up rooms for autumn and winter living. Utilise parts of unwanted evening or dance frocks to give new life to the lamps in your home.

It isn't either easy or cheap to buy new lampshades now, but there's nothing to stop you re-covering your old frame and giving it quite a new and charming appearance.

There are lots of ways of re-covering an old frame with scraps of material or strips of silk, taffeta, organdie, chiffon, or lace left over when you renovated your dance-frock into something more practical.

The shade you see above is made from a strip of material cut on the cross—just the sort of strip you could cut easily from the flared skirt of an old evening-frock.

Measure round the top of your frame, and multiply this measurement by three to calculate the length of the strip you'll need. Its width should be a little more than the depth of the frame. Then you'll need a length of braid trimming or lace equal to the length of your strip plus one-third.

If you have to join two pieces to make your strip long enough, join them as you would if you were making a bias binding. Then join the whole strip into a circle, and press the joins very flat.

Pleat up one edge of the strip into soft, unpressed folds to fit round the top of the frame. Turn down the edge on to the right side, and sew braid or gathered lace over to hide it. Turn up a narrow edge on the lower side, and sew braid trimming or lace over this as well.

When your shade is finished, slip-stitch the top to the top rim of the frame.



THIS SHADE was made from a transparent fabric and finished off with braid. Ribbon or velvet could be used to decorate edges. Trimming on shade itself is unnecessary, but please yourself.



OVERSEWING the gathered edge to the rim. (Note finished shade pictured at top of page.) When doing this be sure to keep the gathers even all round.

Taffeta, satin, crepe, rayon, or linen are perfect for this. But if you use a transparent material, cover your shade first with chiffon, organdie, or muslin.

Another pretty shade

HERE'S a way of covering a lamp-shade very effectively with a soft, transparent material like chiffon, georgette, net, lace, or organdie, as shown in the picture above.

For this shade you also need a strip of material, but this time the strip must be cut on the straight. To calculate its length, measure round the lower rim of the frame and multiply by three. To calculate its width, measure the depth of your frame very carefully along one of the spokes and add two inches.

Join the strip into a circle. Measure half-way across the width of the circle and run a gathering thread round. Draw up this thread until the centre of the circle fits round the lower rim of the frame, then slip it over the rim and oversew the two together.

How to fix the top

NOW run a gathering thread through the outer frill of material to coincide with the top rim of the frame. Draw it up to the same size, then put it over the top of the rim and oversew the two together. When you do this it is important to pull the material as taut as you can between the two rims.

Take a small pair of scissors and trim off the rough edges inside to within a little less than half an inch from the rim.

The next step is to run a gathering thread through the underneath frill of material, also to coincide with the top rim of the frame. Pull up the frill through the top of the frame, then draw up the thread to the same size as the rim.

Finishing touches

TRIM off the raw edge to a little less than half an inch from the gathering thread, then turn over the edge at the gathering thread, inwards towards rim.

Oversew this gathered edge to the rim.

The thing to remember in this covering process is to keep your gathers even all round, both top and bottom.

All that remains now is to trim your shade with a colored braid or other edging.

When in doubt throw it out!

● Don't eat suspect food
food poisoning may result

By MEDICO

THIS year many people have suffered from what they term "ptomaine poisoning."

"Ptomaine" is a name for certain substances which form in decomposing food. But before these "ptomaines" are present in sufficient quantities to cause poisoning, the food would be in such a state that it is unlikely it would be eaten.

"Food poisoning," however, is quite different, and a real danger. Every year, especially in summer, we read of cases.

It is caused mainly by eating food that has been contaminated in some way by food-poisoning bacteria or by the poisons they manufacture. These bacteria live in any food, meat being their first choice, and milk a close runner-up.

Picnic parties often end in trouble, because not enough care is taken to protect the food once it has been unpacked. Uncovered food, open to dust and flies, and with the hot summer sun heating down on it, will soon become contaminated.

Flies and dust potential enemies

UNFORTUNATELY, contaminated food is not usually altered in appearance, taste, or smell. If, however, you feel worried about your meat, throw it out.

Flies are always a danger whether in or out of doors. They carry all kinds of diseases as well as food-poisoning bacteria, and they invariably try to commit suicide in the milk jug. Make "Clean, Cold, and Covered" the motto for your milk.

Another source of poisoning is fruits and vegetables that are eaten raw without washing. A thorough cleansing in cold, running water is necessary to remove bacteria and traces of poisonous spray which may have been used by the orchardists.

One cause of so-called "ptomaine" at picnics is the preparation of lemon or orange drinks in enamel vessels (usually a cheap enamel bucket).

If anyone around you should get food poisoning, see that they have warmth and fluids. It is not wise to give any drug which will interfere with the elimination of the poison from the body. After all, the purging is Nature's way of getting rid of the offending material.

Of course, if the attack is severe, it is a matter for the doctor.

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'Viyella' and
'Clydella'

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The phrase, "Joy of living for a few pence," for so long associated with the famous 57 Varieties, epitomises the character of the goods found under the Heinz label . . . more frequently seen these days by the Services than by civilians.

This shortage in civilian supply is a consequence of the war. It is inevitable . . . canned and other processed goods are vital to the health of service men and women in certain climates because of the protection they afford.

Enjoyable, good-to-eat, convenient, nourishing, hygienic . . . all of these factors brought deserved popularity to Heinz Varieties in peacetime. But, under war conditions, because the civilian could obtain plenty of fresh food and because climate gave him no claims to priority, only a very limited supply of the nation's precious stocks of processed foods could be made available for other than Services' needs . . . it is a contribution to the war effort, one we are sure Australians are proud to make.



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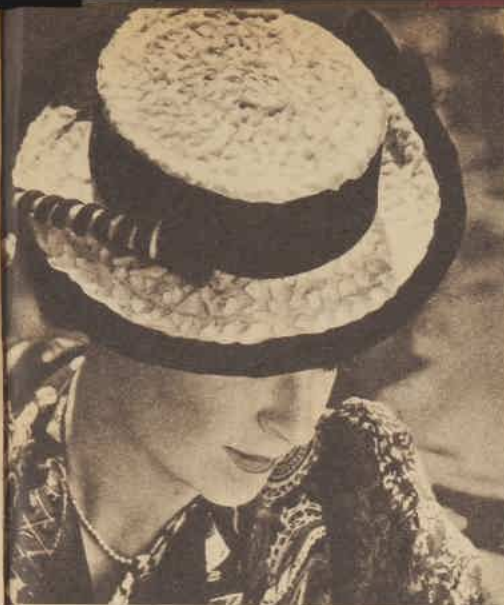
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THIS VERY SMART-LOOKING HAT was made from paper and trimmed with velvet. Crown of old hat served as base.



ABOVE: Made-over dress is laced at front with cord, which also trims yoke and pockets. This effective note may appeal to others.



ABOVE: Back view of hat and frock (shown right), which was made from a six-year-old evening dress. See article for full description of transformation.



Thrilled with their own prowess

THE attractive items illustrated on this page are a spill-over from our coupon-saving contest which closed some weeks ago.

Note smart hat, top left. This is made from crinkled paper. The crown and velvet trimming came

● Readers proudly tell how they transform outdated garments and accessories in order to save money and coupons.

from an old hat. Mrs. J. Patterson, of Bondi Junction, N.S.W., who collects five shillings for her enterprise, gives these directions for making a similar hat.

Cut into strips of quarter-inch wide and plait three pieces together. Take the old crown of a hat, and, starting from centre, wind plait round until whole crown is covered. Stiffen the outside of brim with wire, and cover with black velvet. Then make inside of brim from plaited paper. Trim with wide black velvet ribbon and ornament. Attach velvet headband.

Miss Jamieson, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., remade the attractive frock shown above from one she had had for years. She used cord for lacing blouse with effective result. A cash prize of five shillings will be forwarded to this reader.

Another reader, Mrs. Aura Jackson, of Bellevue Hill, proudly displays the street dress and "cocktail" hat she made herself. She says:

Clever transformation

"I HAD an outmoded evening frock, about six years old, of pretty floral crepe, and the wide sash was faced with orange as a contrast. The frock was backless, with a matching waist-length bolero.

"I darted the jacket at waist, back and front, making shirtmaker top for my street dress; lifted the bias skirt, which was form-fitting, by cutting from above the hips, and utilizing all lower fullness. As it was too wide to fit waist, I gathered the flare at centre-front.

"I cut four pieces off long sash and made slanting pockets, turning orange lining outwards for cuff of pockets. I used the remainder of sash for the frock.

"Draped fronts were left, so I joined them to make a square, man's handkerchief size, and bound edges with strips of orange from sides of sash. I cut one corner off square to fit top of head, and pinned hat into shape of head above my rolled hair, afterwards inserting a few stitches to hold it in place. Hat is secured to head with three

bobbie pins, one at top and one each side."

This reader receives a cash prize of £1 for her enterprise.

An outdated pique swagger coat was used to make the little boy's garments illustrated on this page. One shirt was trimmed with blue bias binding, and the other with

green. Buttons matched binding. A prize of five shillings will be sent to Mrs. B. Grieg, of Rooty Hill, N.S.W., for this entry.

A very clever idea is shown at the foot of the page. This earns five shillings for Mrs. A. O. Pollard, of Scottsdale, Tasmania. This reader patches the uppers of slippers from the inner side, and then oversews the uppers (as shown in sketch) with assorted shades of odd wools.

Mrs. C. Young, of Tantitha, Bundaberg, Qld., also wins 5/- for her enterprise in renovating her young daughters' bathers. She writes:

"After the winter was over we found the suits faded and moth-eaten. Not wishing to buy new ones, we renovated them as follows:

"I darned the holes in the old woollen bathers and then stitched on a straight piece to represent a shirt, this being slightly pleated at waist, and seven inches deep, according to the length of the leg. I then covered the woollen bodice

with another small piece of material, and made straps to tie behind the neck and waist at back.

Other readers who will receive five shilling cash prizes for coupon-saving ideas: Mrs. Graham, Village High Rd., Vaucluse (for frock renovation); Mrs. Symonds, Nazari Crescent, Northbridge (baby's frock from silk shirt); Miss Tribe, Pittwater Rd., St. Ives, N.S.W. (child's princess coat frock from jacket); Miss G. Finch, Toogoolawah, Qld. (children's garments from discarded clothing).



AN OLD WHITE PIQUE swagger coat was cut to make these smart garments for a young Australian.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant

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1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
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Mother, you're in this picture



You're the one who packs lunch for the youngsters to take to school day after day. You know how important it is to keep those cut lunches varied and plentiful to satisfy healthy young appetites. And it's your job to see that they provide sufficient of the food essentials for growth and vitality. So keep plenty of Kraft Cheddar Cheese

handy for those school lunches. The youngsters in your family will go for fresh-tasting Kraft Cheddar cut in thick slices for their lunchtime sandwiches. You'll appreciate how easy Kraft Cheddar is to slice or shred, the way it stays fresh to the last delicious slice. And Kraft Cheddar Cheese puts stamina into sandwiches! Kraft Cheddar is packed with all the concentrated nourishment of milk... first class muscle-building proteins... vitamin A

the anti-infective vitamin... and calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals which children specially need for building strong bones and sound teeth. Remember, it takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

For delicious flavour, for first rate food values, include Kraft Cheddar Cheese regularly in those lunches you cut for the youngsters and the war workers in your family.



Bright Ideas for Lunch Boxes



Always spread butter and filling of sandwich right to the edge of the bread then you won't have any worries about getting the youngsters to eat their crusts.



Something different in sandwich fillings. Try flaked hard cooked egg with finely chopped watercress... or minced roast meat, with grated apple. Or shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese mixed with chopped cooked bacon.



You'll be popular at lunch time when you put in the youngsters' favourite dessert, jelly and custard, or stewed fruit and Spanish cream. — They're easy to carry in a small, screw-top jar.



Economy tip! Buy your Kraft Cheddar Cheese from the 5-lb. loaf at your grocer's. It's more economical, and more convenient, because each slice of cheese just fits a slice of sandwich bread.

Issued by the Kraft Nutrition Department who feel that to-day, more than ever before, we must know the foods which are really "protective" and how to include them in our daily meal.